

March, 1938

The American Mercury



The High Cost of Dr. Roosevelt Blair Bolles
Why Get Married? By a Wife
The Assault on Freedom St. John Ervine
Getting Away from It All Desmond Holdridge
The Truth About the Sharecropper B. L. Moss
Prisoners of Soviet Terror . . Moscow Correspondent
The Passing of the White Man . J. W. Thomason, Jr.
How to Make Your Son a Misfit . . . Gordon Shipman
The Art of Cider-Drinking Frank Money
Five Wives Ruth Purdy
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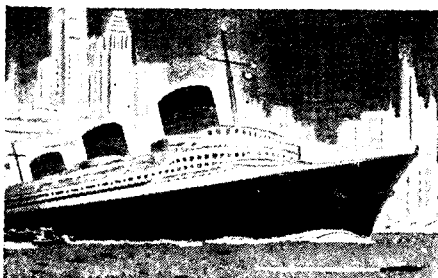
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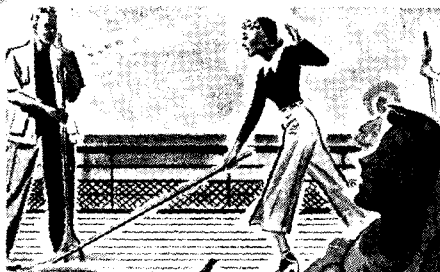
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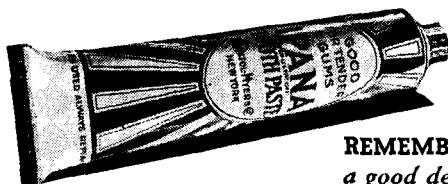


that your gums have been deprived of hard work and exercise—that they need more vigorous chewing, more real work—and, as so many dentists advise, "the healthful stimulation of massage with Ipana Tooth Paste."

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME
XLIII

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER
171

March

Paul Palmer, *Editor*

1938

In Defense of War	W. F. Kernan	257
Our Uneconomic Royalist	Blair Bolles	265
Why Get Married?	A Wife	270
Prisoners of Soviet Terror	Moscow Correspondent	274
How to Make Your Son a Misfit	Gordon Shipman	283
The Truth About the Sharecropper	B. L. Moss	289
Getting Away From It All	Desmond Holdridge	297
Five Wives	Ruth Purdy	303
To Hell With America!	An Englishman	306
The Wart That Shook the World	Guy Gilpatric	312
The Art of Cider-Drinking	Frank Money	320
The Assault on Freedom	St. John Ervine	324
Railroad Boom-Town	Laurence Bell	329
Editorial: Wanted: An Honest Diplomat		340
Americana		345
The State of the Union: Taxing Production to Death	Albert Jay Nock	348
Poetry:		
I. Six Months to Live	Ralph Friedrich	354
II. Political Rally	Frances Hall	354
III. She Marvels Over What They Say	Helene Mullins	355
IV. Farm Kitchen	Louis Stoddard	355
V. Hill Path	John Russell McCarthy	356
VI. The Good Wife	Elsie Fry Laurence	356
The Library: The Passing of the White Man	John W. Thomason, Jr.	357
The Open Forum		365
The Check List		vi
The Contributors		xviii
Recorded Music	Irving Kolodin	xxiv

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FICTION

★★★★ THE PRODIGAL PARENTS, by Sinclair Lewis. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. This, the author's best satire since *Babbitt*, is a remarkably adept portrait of Babbitt's 1938 prototype. In it Mr. Lewis has portrayed his profound understanding of that hardheaded, not entirely unbeautiful, common sense which is probably the most significant item in our dawning civilization. The humor and pathos and elementary wisdom of this native American culture is triumphant in the book: whether it will be triumphant in the actual progress of the next decade is, unfortunately, open to considerable question. *The Prodigal Parents* will make wonderful sniping for the Party-Liners who do the book-reviewing for most American newspapers; but no intelligent reader can afford to miss its robust, acute, and brilliant satire on the current American stupidity which is variously known as Parlor Socialism, Pink Liberalism, and Progress Toward Utopia.

★★★★ THIRTEEN O'CLOCK, by Stephen Vincent Benét. \$2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart*. Unusual short stories, some of them brilliantly original.

★★★★ WINTER IN APRIL, by Robert Nathan. \$2.00. *Knopf*. Once more Robert Nathan proves his skill as a writer of charming and brilliant fiction. This new novel belongs on everyone's must list.

★★★ A SOUTHERN HARVEST, Edited by Robert Penn Warren. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. Twenty-two short stories by Southern writers, on Southern themes. The collection raises, but does not answer, the

question: What is a Southern Writer? Some, not all, are stories of distinction. Roark Bradford's *Cold Death* is tender and beautiful. All of them show a rare feeling for background and character. Yet most of them are obsessed with study in the dark corners of a great and spacious place. Not all the South is sluttish, febrile, introverted, and bigoted.

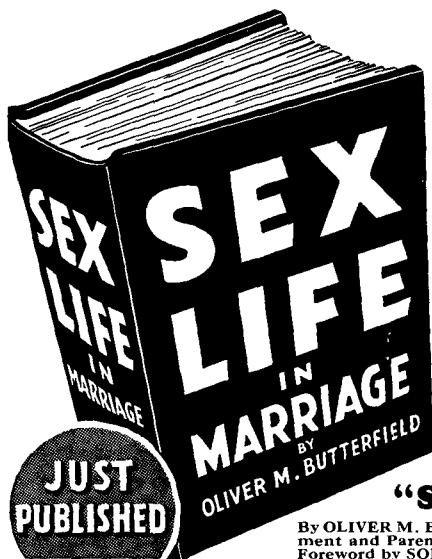
★★★ FAMINE, by Liam O'Flaherty. \$2.50. *Random House*. One of those stark and elemental novels; the Irish famine of the nineteenth century, that cast so many Irish on these shores, and is now rated one of the appalling social calamities of modern times. The novelist misses the large view of it, but his story has the morbid fascination of human misery, like the narrative of a lost Polar expedition.

★★★ SALUTE TO YESTERDAY, by Gene Fowler. \$2.50. *Random House*. Gene Fowler having fun: read this fantasy and have fun with him.

★★★ RUMBIN GALLERIES, by Booth Tarkington. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. A *Saturday Evening Post* story, in part lively and humorous, but not of very great consequence.

★★★ THE MARSH, by Ernest Raymond. \$2.75. *Stokes*. The story of an East London slum child, who grows up in poverty, tries unsuccessfully to earn a living, and finally becomes a criminal. There are good descriptions here: of prison life, of the underworld, and of the strange struggles in a backslider's inner being.

(Continued on page viii)



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PART OF CONTENTS

Marriage: Various Kinds
Polygyny, Polyandry, and
Communal Marriage
Love Marriages

Sexual Attitudes and Emotions
Sex Stimulation (Contact, Mental, Complex)
Differences in Sex Temperament
Sexual Awakening
Caressing
Emotions that Hinder
(Shame, Guilt, Fear of Pain, Inferiority, Anxieties, Fear of Pregnancy)
Attitudes and Emotions that Help (Affection, Confidence, Interest and Enthusiasm, Patience, Sympathy, Playfulness)

The Organs of Sex
The Woman's Organs
The Man's Organs
Hormones

Planning the Honeymoon
Travel or Not?
Comfortable Beds, Quiet, Leisure
Dressing and Undressing

CHARTS AND EXPLANATIONS

Female Sex Organs, Side View.
The Internal Sex Organs. The External Sex Organs. Female Sex Organs. Front View. Entrance to Female Genital Parts. Male Sex Organs, Side View. Male Sex Organs, Front View. Male Reproductive Cell, Front and Side Views.

Bathing
Planning the Family

The Technique of Sexual Intercourse

Helpful Attitudes
The First Union
The Invitation
The Right to Refuse
The Several Phases of Coitus
The Fore-play
Problems of Husband and Wife:
Relaxation
Lubrication
The Hymen
The Clitoris
Premature Ejaculation
Psychic Impotence
Making the Entrance
Positions for Intercourse (with recommendations)
Copulative Movements
Gauging Emotional Progress
The Orgasms
The After-play

The Frequency of Intercourse

Motives for Intercourse; (Conception; Expressing Mutual Affection; Releasing Sexual Tensions)
Sexual Frequency in Later Life

Pregnancy and Children

Eugenic Considerations
Hindrances to Pregnancy
Signs of Pregnancy, Aschheim-Zondek Test
Miscarriage
Sexual Intercourse During Pregnancy; After Childbirth

Overcoming Sexual Maladjustment

Maladjustments Common to Women; to Men
Causes of Maladjustment
Inadequate Courting
Withdrawal
Premature Ejaculation
Unequal Desire
Masturbation
Psychic Impediments
Physical Changes (Pregnancy; Operations; Illness; The Menopause)
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(Continued from page vi)

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★★ **NIGHT AT HOGWALLOW**, by Theodore Strauss. \$1.25. *Little, Brown*. Addition to the growing list of novelettes, concerning a race riot in a small Southern town and its effect upon the populace. Drama in the raw: a trifle too raw.

★★ **GREATHOUSE**, by Edward Eyre Hunt. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. Panoramic novel of America as interpreted through the experiences of one man, who ages five years in every twenty-five, and thus carries the reader through great episodes of American life, from the witchcraft trials of Salem to the end of the World War.

★★ **WE ARE TEN**, by Fannie Hurst. \$2.50. *Harpers*. A collection of ten of Miss Hurst's long short-stories dealing with contemporary and unsavory Americans, and written in the author's well-known virile style.

★★ **PIECES OF A FAN**, by Vincent Shecan. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. Sophisticated and fastidious short stories, ranging all over the world, dealing with all sorts and conditions of people. Mr. Shecan's wide interests and wide acquaintance are here reflected most attractively. Fair entertainment: nothing exciting.

★★ **MANHATTAN NIGHTS**, by Faith Baldwin. \$2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart*. A pot-boiler, competently dished out by a veteran of the craft. Lives of Manhattan socialites, actresses, taxi drivers, doctors, maids, etc., intermingle glamorously and dramatically in Miss Baldwin's twenty-sixth novel.

★ **THE CROOKED CORONET**, by Michael Arlen. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. The whims and weaknesses of Mayfair's café society are divulged by the eleven stories in Mr. Arlen's

latest book. The reader will discover that socialite Lady Quorn is indeed promiscuous; that the Hon. Tyre-Temple (gossip columnist) really has a mission in life; that it is no fun being married to The Richest Girl in the World; and that Mr. Arlen is a very ordinary writer.

FADE OUT, by Naomi Jacob. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Hollywood with an English accent: pretty thin stuff.

BIOGRAPHY

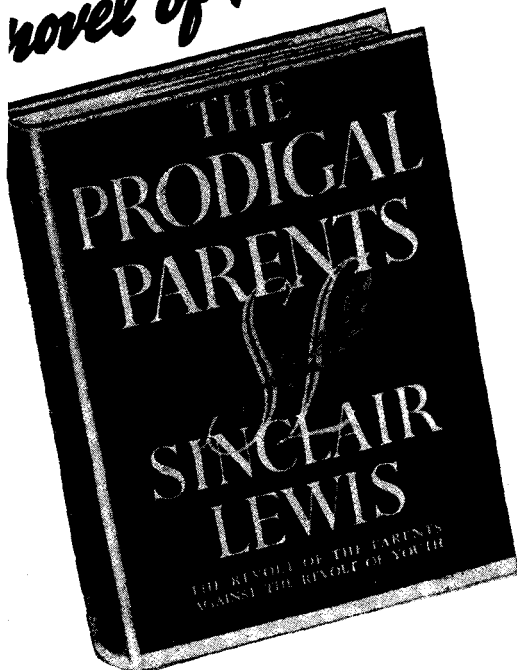
★★★ **GREAT CONTEMPORARIES**, by Winston Spencer Churchill. \$4.00. *Putnam*. Footnotes to history by one of the most volatile and entertaining of the commentators. Running estimates, based for the most part on personal contacts, of Lord Rosebury, of Sir John French, of Douglas Haig, of Foch and Clemenceau; and of Ludendorff and Hindenburg and Hitler and the Ex-Kaiser; and Trotsky and a few others. Mr. Churchill has the knack of turning a phrase to admiration, and a definite feeling for theater. These vignettes—for that is what they are—will be more valuable in the outcome than the bright-colored but brittle representations of events which Mr. Churchill has already set down for posterity.

★★★ **RODIN**, by Judith Cladel. \$3.75. *Harcourt, Brace*. An appreciation, and a very fair one, of the Master. The writer knew him in his littleness and his greatness; she observed him with sympathy, yet always with a clarity utterly French; and she loved and honored him. Reading of his difficulties with the committees for the Balzacs and the Burghers of Calais, pieces which became political issues in the volatile Gaul of his time, you reflect that, while artists have their troubles, those who are obliged to deal with artists also deserve sympathy.

★★★ **THE FILIBUSTER: THE CAREER OF WILLIAM WALKER**, by Laurence Greene. \$3.50. *Bobbs, Merrill*. The life of William Walker, that gray-eyed and singu-

(Continued on page x)

*The most-talked-about,
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novel of the season*

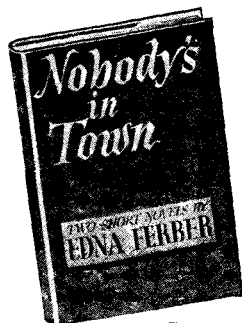


LEWIS GANNETT says: "The Prodigal Parents might well become Sinclair Lewis's most successful book, for there are in America some thirty or forty millions of us puzzled parents wondering whether we've done anything like the right thing by our children."

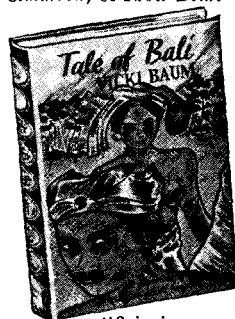
FANNY BUTCHER, Chicago Tribune: "Destined for immense popularity . . . readers of whatever age and previous condition of mental servitude will delightfully find both some one to agree with and someone to get very mad at."

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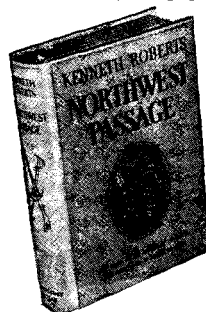
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THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page viii)

larly incompetent man of destiny, who for a while set Nicaragua by the ears. It is interesting to speculate on his career if he had lived: he might, under a strong corps commander, have made an exciting Confederate major general.

★★★I KNEW HITLER, by Kurt G. W. Ludecke. \$3.75. *Scribners*. Herr Ludecke was one of the Old-Hitlerites, most of whom have not gone the dark and violent way of the Old-Bolsheviks in the Stalin empire. He might have gone with them, but his footwork was nimble and he was in New York the day of the blood-purge. His narrative is on the whole a story of personal failure; he seems to have been a consistently unsuccessful Hitler aide. But it is a story that makes the German scene clearer, and at the same time more fantastic. Most impressive are Herr Ludecke's life-drawn portraits of *Der Führer* and the extraordinary men around him.

★★★HOW TO LIVE ON TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY, by Arnold Bennett. \$1.25. *Doubleday, Doran*. A re-issue of a book which is chiefly interesting for the biographical light it throws upon its author, one of the most terrifically work-driven men who ever lived.

★★★THIS ONE MAD ACT, by Izola Forrester. \$3.00. *Hale, Cushman & Flint*. Some say that John Wilkes Booth, slayer of Lincoln, was apprehended and shot mortally by Federal troops on the night of April 26, 1865, in a tobacco barn on the Garrett farm, near Bowling Green, Virginia. Others, equally well-informed, aver that John Wilkes fled the barn through a hidden door, vanished into the night, and later was seen alive and hearty in distant places. The evidence on both sides is difficult of analysis, with contradictions aplenty. Miss Forrester, Booth's professed granddaughter and no mean writer, believes the Great Assassin was still living in 1879—in exile. This book sets forth the results of her twenty-five-year research into obscure channels of

THE CHECK LIST

information, historical and otherwise. Better than a detective story, and more exciting, it will rouse the argufiers to one last debate.

★★★ FORTY YEARS OF AMERICAN LIFE, by Thomas Nichols. \$3.00. *Stackpole*. A reprint of the memoirs of an American libertarian, reformer, and traveler, first published in 1864 under the same title. Dr. Nichols knew most of the great people and great events of his day: they are recreated here with vigor and fine detail.

★★★ LINCOLN'S RISE TO POWER, by William E. Baringer. \$4.00. *Little, Brown*. The two years of the Emancipator's life, prior to his nomination for the Presidency in May, 1860. A wealth of biographical and historical data, expertly documented, tending to prove that shrewd politics, not Providence, elevated the Springfield lawyer to high places.

★★★ THE SCENE CHANGES, by Sir Basil Thomson. \$4.00. *Doubleday Doran*. Late in life Sir Basil came to Scotland Yard, which is enough to endear him to his American public. But before that he won a place on the Eton Eight, a distinction above coronets—farmed in Iowa, went early into the Civil Service of the Empire, carried his share of the white man's burden at the ends of the earth, was governor of Dartmoor Prison, and took the C.I.D. immediately before the World War. He was one of the men who served England in her perilous years, and his retirement was earned by four decades of public business—although he hints at some nasty politics behind that retirement. English memoirs are numerous: but this one is not dull.

★★★ HEYDAY IN A VANISHED WORLD, by Stephen Bonsal. \$3.50. *Norton*. Mr. Stephen Bonsal was James Gordon Bennett's gentleman at large, and the names in the world he here remembers are names that once stirred the blood: Parnell, John L. Sullivan, the Prince of Wales who
(Continued on page xii)



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THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page xi)

became Edward VII, the young Clemenceau, General Boulanger. Here also is old von Moltke, and, most interesting to students of our Civil War, von Moltke's professional estimate of Lee and Grant.

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gins hails the arrival of a native literature, owing nothing to transplanted European stocks, and consulted respectfully by the Europeans in certain matters. But he concludes that we still must borrow from the Old World more than we have on hand to lend. A sort of literary *Who's Who*, valuable for reference.

MISCELLANEOUS

★★★★ **AFTER 1903 — WHAT?** by Robert Benchley. \$2.50. *Harpers*. It is a rare thing to find a movie actor who can also write; Robert ("Bob") Benchley seems to be one of these. He is said to make frequent short trips from his palatial Hollywood home to New York, where he is often seen in the company of literary people, or "café society". This may or may not explain the fact that he has written one of the funniest books you will ever read.

★★★★ **THE GOLDEN SOVEREIGN**, by Laurence Housman. \$3.00. *Scribners*. From this group of playlets, *Victoria Regina* was fashioned. They are delightful, and the drawings by Ernest S. Shephard are in his happiest style. A book you'll want to keep.

★★★ **WEST POINT TODAY**, by Kendall Banning. \$2.50. *Funk & Wagnalls*. The United States Military Academy at West Point on the Hudson has trained our professional soldiers since early in the last century. Mr. Kendall Banning, who would appear to have a son in the Corps of Cadets, tells with sympathetic interest what a young man may expect when he enters the Academy; and the sort of a place it is. His book is readable and informing; he conveys excellently the impressions of West Point's standards, which are of the highest; of its personnel, which is a cross-section of the nation; and of its background of devotion and high tradition, which is a national heritage.

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(Continued on page xiv)



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THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page xii)

little book, evoked by Odum's vast *Southern Regions of the United States*, but standing adequately on its own legs. It should be required reading in every Southern school and editorial office. Cotton economics were moribund before the Civil War: now they disintegrate. The South's future under the present system, or lack of system, is, the author thinks, disaster. Waste: waste of land, and timber, and water power, and above all, waste of human material, is the writer's theme, and he makes his points.

★★★ THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS, by Leo C. Rosten. \$3.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. Putting the stethoscope on the journalists of Washington, some 125 of them, in order to learn what makes them tick. Mr. Rosten's researches — and extensive they are — uncover little that is new; but at least the data is now between the covers of one book. We discover that the correspondents prefer the *New York Times* for professional reading, and *Time* magazine for their literary moments. And that they like to drink at the Press Club, and that some have social aspirations, and that the Roosevelt myth is vanishing. And so forth. Mr. Rosten has put a lot of leg-work into this volume: he comes up with a complete, documented volume. Only one important question remains unanswered: Why are the correspondents so lax in uncovering secret political scandal, of which there is more to-day in Washington than ever before?

★★★ THE TYRANNY OF WORDS, by Stuart Chase. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. One of the Liberal bellwethers of our times makes a technological discovery: that words don't mean what they say. But this is hardly news. Liberals of all persuasions, including the Leftists, have been juggling words for centuries in an effort to prove that humanity's ills can be cured by recourse to the dictionary. What Mr. Chase may be able to accomplish with his persuasive book is the conversion of some of his Liberal brethren; which would be a salutary thing indeed, considering the tides of wordy propaganda now sluicing the country.

★★★ THESE AMAZING ELECTRONS, by Raymond F. Yates. \$3.75. *Macmillan*. Amazing, yes, but also fearsome, for man is not yet certain of how to harness them. While the explosion impends, you can learn from this book a great deal about our universe and how it functions; and also, in a sense, how little we actually know about it. The author is indubitably talented: he writes about science so everyone can understand. In fact, everyone should read his book. They would be the more wise — and therefore the more humble — for it.

★★★ MY SCOTLAND, by A.G. MacDonell. \$2.50. *Funk & Wagnalls*. There is a great epic here: of how a militant race, suffering from over-individualism, came down out of the Highlands to suffer defeat and degradation. Too much England, says Mr. MacDonell. Therefore he would either pitch the English out, or conquer them by further assimilation. A very braw book, by a Scot of the Scots: he proposes to recapture Edinburgh from the English shopkeepers before it is too late.

★★★ ADVENTURE ETERNAL. Edited by Kathryn and Dwight Bradley. \$3.00. *Stackpole*. Sober reflections — from men great and obscure, living and dead — on Death, the master of all. The ancient Greeks speak, the medievalists, the moderns, yet none to certain advantage, for the subject of immortality is as controversial as it is mystic, and the answer lies in the future: a billion years away, aver some scientists. The Bradleys have selected the anthology contributors with care and catholicism; the book will be a pleasure to all but the heathen.

★★★ TAKE HER DOWN, by T.B. Thompson. \$3.50. *Sheridan House*. Adventure in the Navy, forty fathoms deep, as related by a submarine officer. The L-9, lame and halt, had to cross the Atlantic in '18 to take part in the warfare then being played on the Irish Sea. Commander Thompson tells the story, with many historical asides and some humor. An entertaining book of war and men, and of the curious dimension in which submarines operate.

(Continued in back adv't section, p. xviii)

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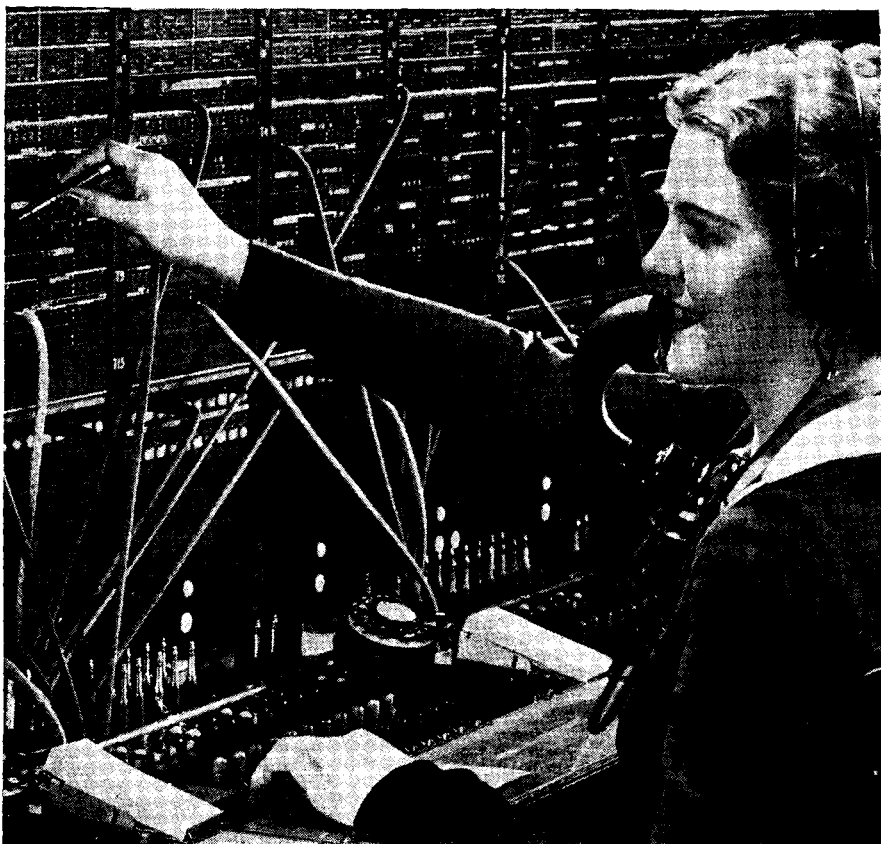
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The American MERCURY

IN DEFENSE OF WAR

BY W. F. KERNAN

ALONG with Mark Antony, Louis Napoleon, and other prominent people who attempted to eat their cake and keep it, the authors of the Treaty of Versailles are entitled to honorable mention. To cut the design for Utopia from the skin of the *Boche*, to guarantee the perpetual supremacy of the victors by assuming the inexpiable guilt of the vanquished, to distribute the spoils of Armageddon without departing from the most exalted principles of international morality—these were the means which the incredible Liberals of 1919 adopted to keep the world safe for democracy. And from that day to this, certain lofty and meaningless phrases of their idealism, such as “the conscience of mankind”, “the power of world

opinion”, “the iniquity of war”, have been all we have to offer in defense of the *status quo* which they erected.

Even the present crisis, which is charged with enough sound and fury to awaken the dead, has failed to break the spell of these ethical abstractions whose meanings are determined by our wishes, hopes, and humanitarian dreams rather than by facts. The modern concept of war is a case in point. *War* is a word which is on everyone's lips today and yet it has lost practically all its value as a reliable referent to objective reality. To be more exact, it is no longer the symbol of a *thing* or even the index to a *thought*, if by *thought* we mean a rational process: it is simply a sign which trips an emotional reflex and

which is used by propagandists to give force and direction to the hatreds, ambitions, and prejudices of certain groups.

If you are a Communist of the true Litvinov feather, or a member of the American League Against War and Fascism (recently rechristened the "American League for Peace and Democracy") or a gentleman-ranker of the American Civil Liberties Union, war will connote the incomings, outgoings, raids, expeditions, and forays of the Rome-Berlin-Tokio axis. On the other hand, if you think of Hitler as God's gift to the Aryan race, or if you are a stanch supporter of the axe and rods of *Il Duce*, the odds are 1000 to 1 that you will identify war with the "bottomless cruelty and endless treachery of Moscow". Again, if you are one of those whose opinions are formed by the inspired utterances of Mr. H. G. Wells or Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the mere mention of the word will bring you a violent revulsion of feeling, associated with barrages, machine-gun fire, poison gas, and the downfall of civilization. But whether you are Communist, Fascist, or Liberal-Pacifist, you will unceasingly proclaim your respect for human life, devotion to ethical principles, and firm belief in the "indivisibility" of peace.

That is the way words get streamlined in this age of enlightenment-by-ballyhoo.

Nevertheless, behind all these euphemisms and fictions, a savage and sinister conflict is being waged. While General Matsui explains to David Fraser of the London *Times* that he is determined "to realize the salvation of the 400,000,000 people of China in accordance with the basic principles of time-honored ethics", Japanese bombs are falling on Nanking; in the Mediterranean the myth of non-intervention is religiously maintained while, within a *cordon sanitaire* of warships, four nations assist in the disemboweling of Spain. Added to these peculiar manifestations of the will-to-peace are acts of piracy on the sea and under the sea and in the air: acts of unblushing ferocity such as Marshal Graziani's execution of 1600 Ethiopians, which so infuriated Mr. Bruce Bliven that he changed overnight (in the pages of the *New Republic*) from pacifist to militarist; acts of brazen interference in the affairs of autonomous nations such as the Tiplitz incident in Czechoslovakia; acts in defiance of treaty obligations — the re-militarization of the Rhineland; in defiance of the law of nations — the seizure of customs administration in Shanghai; in

defiance of the natural law — the Nazi persecution of Jews.

Everything is explained or excused either by an ethical incantation couched in the Pecksniffian language of Versailles or by some somber shibboleth of the totalitarian ideology. For public opinion in the “peaceful” as well as in the “warlike” nations has come to demand the sop of an apologetic that has no reference whatsoever to reality. Let us note, however, that it is only in the cloud-cuckoo land of propaganda that “Russia is fighting the battle of Democracy in Spain”, that Japan is “civilizing” China, that Mussolini is “restoring the glories of ancient Rome”, that Hitler is “maintaining the purity of the Aryan race”. In the external world of hard fact what is happening is this: a constant increase of deliberate and calculated aggression.

We are confronted with certain predatory governments that have identified themselves with certain national hatreds, ambitions, and egoisms. These vandal power-groups have quite definitely substituted belligerency for diplomacy and propaganda for logic. Thus far it has been an effective system. And the reason why it has worked so well has been because a totally false concept of war has prevailed in the democratic countries ever since

the Armistice. Unless we are to be the accomplices of the aggressor nations in their merry game of pulling our own world down about our ears, it is time we did some substituting on our own account. As a first step towards this highly desirable operation, I contend that we should rid ourselves of idealistic abstractions and look the bogey of war squarely in the face.

II

I submit that the Laodicean Liberals of the Treaty of Versailles committed a foul wrong, and what was worse, a grave error when they imposed upon Democracy the notion that all war is essentially iniquitous, and that all peace, even the “indivisible peace” of M. Litvinov, pure and holy. There are times when war may be as necessary, and as salutary, as a surgical operation. There is a form of peace which is an abomination. Mere “technical” peace, such as we are enjoying today, is perfectly capable of producing that exasperation of the human spirit which a famous philosopher called “a pretty good definition of Hell”.

At any rate, we shall never understand either peace or war as long as we insist on regarding them merely in their mutual relationship

or solely with regard to our love of the one and our aversion for the other. I mean that to prevent war it is necessary to do something more than indulge in a pious hope for peace. To avoid war it is not enough to detest war, to pass neutrality resolutions, and to resolve never, never to fight again. You may do all this and still have *aggression*, which is war in its most objectionable form.

Let us say, then, that peace is neither a fiction of the propagandists nor an achievement of diplomacy, but a deliverance of humanity from aggression. As a corollary to this proposition, let us admit that to men of goodwill who believe that peace on earth is realizable as well as desirable, war may have a proper and rational object, namely: the limitation and prevention of aggression. This is precisely what Emil Lavisse meant when he said, "war is a habit of civilization".

The men of former, more rational (and less hysterical) generations considered war a confounded nuisance — somewhat as the modern high-powered bond salesman or real-estate agent regards jury duty — but they did not think of it as a form of demoniac possession and they did not try to prove that soldiering and sorcery are synonymous terms. For them war was the

ultima ratio, the "last reason"; that is to say, the only recourse left for the control of aggression after all other peaceful means had failed.

These men, our cultural forbears of the Western tradition, discovered quite early in the game that the difference between civilization and barbarism is simply this: that in the first case, war is an art which admits of the use of the human intelligence and whose object is a quick decision followed by a lasting peace; whereas in the other case, war is a form of aggression whose object is the increase of savagery and the establishment of a social order whose highest moral precept is: "Devil take the hindmost!"

That is exactly what happened when the Roman Empire broke up because of public indifference to just such tensions as are vexing the world today. There came a time towards the end of the seventh century when undeclared wars raged in every corner of Europe. The outraged provincials invoked the worm-eaten international law that was supposed to support the *Pax Romana* and got the same sort of assistance as the League accorded Haile Selassie. As a result they went to war on their own account under the capable leadership of Charlemagne, and peace

was established from the Pyrenees to the Volga.

The same thing happened again in the ninth century when civilization was almost swept away by the impact of the Norse invasions, and men, as an old monkish chronicle tells us, "devoured each other like fishes in the sea". This time there was no central authority under the sun, but something had to be done to control the universal and unlimited aggression and we got the Feudal System, which in its essence and origin was nothing but the complete identification of the law-making and war-making power in the persons of certain masters of the military art. If the Baron could fight, his vassals and dependents got some measure of security and peace; if not, it was just too bad. For in the Age of Iron there was no other way to provide law, order, and a calculable future except by victory in battle.

After Dane, Saracen, and Slav had been pacified by the civilizing influence of the sword, the Feudal System itself became a hot-bed of aggression. The great feudal nobles began to vex peace-loving citizens with their private wars and arbitrary exactions. Men sought to be led in battle against these oppressive overlords—the racketeers and gangsters of the Middle Ages. In

answer to this demand, the monarchies arose and the King's armies made the predatory robber barons keep the King's peace. It will help us a lot if we remember that, at its inception, this business of monarchy with all the rag-tag and bob-tail of Coronations and such, had no other reason than to enable civilized men to wage war for the sake of peace.

III

We pause here, as the radio announcers say, "for station identification". For with the establishment of kingship with its twin halos of Divine Right and legal impeccability ("the King can do no wrong"), a brand-new enemy to civilization appeared. Monarchs who had been throned, crowned, given royal prerogatives that set them above the law simply in order that they might marshal armies in the cause of peace, now began to wage war for the extension of power. And so, like the head of Charles I in the memorials of Mr. Dick, the spirit of aggression got into the very fabric of government. At the dawn of the sixteenth century, we encounter for the first time in history the *stato armato*, or "warlike" State. On close scrutiny, it will be found to

bear a good many resemblances to its totalitarian cousin-german that is causing such a mighty fluttering in the Liberal dovescotes today.

Let no one suppose that the aggressor State of the dynasts failed to provide itself with a convincing ideology. Many eminent publicists devoted talents of a high order to the invention of a plausible propaganda for this political moloch of the early modern era. Machiavelli, for example, wrote *The Prince* — a Renaissance best-seller which forestalled the ideas of *Mein Kampf* by four centuries — in order to prove that the martial State “can suffer neither limit nor equality and is bound by no duties to nations or to men”. All the exhaustive researches of Hobbes, Marsiglio of Padua, William of Ockham, like those of Hegel, Nietzsche, Oswald Spengler, Pareto, and Herr Goebbels of more recent date, were intended to make men believe that the end justifies the means and that “the motive of domination sanctifies whatever things contribute to the increase of power”.

Sometimes a King would go forth with his fusileers and pikemen under the high-sounding title of “Defender of the Faith”, in which case he would feel justified in burning, garrotting, or torturing all unfortunates both within and

without his borders who happened to be of the opposite religious persuasion. Philip II and Ferdinand II, Hapsburgs both, were particularly good at this sort of thing until Sir Francis Drake stopped the one and Gustavus Adolphus put a crimp in the other. Sometimes lesser nationalities were gobbled up in the name of a glittering abstraction like the Holy Roman Empire. Sometimes sheer arrogant *Étatism*, such as that of Louis XIV (“*l’État c’est moi*”) set the armies of aggression marching straight towards Blenheim and Malplaquet. Once, a myth called “*la gloire militaire*” was invented by a Corsican adventurer and deceived any number of people until it was finally exploded by a realist named Wellington. And it was only yesterday that a lot of hocus-pocus about *Kultur* got its come-uppance at the Marne.

It was all the same old ballyhoo that we are getting today, only the nomenclature employed was somewhat different. It was just a way of doing wrong and calling it right to the tune of loud saber-rattling; of committing aggressions and then inventing shibboleths to make them stick. *Fac et excusa* was the motto of these imperial and regal opportunists who differed very little from our own uncrowned

Caesars, except that their ministers of propaganda employed a more polished diction. But the really peculiar thing about it was that with all the splendor and power behind it, with all its kings, big battalions, legalists, hired hacks, and some very able generals, it always failed to work. Every time it came out and glittered and stalked about in the sunshine and made ugly faces — it always wound up getting itself knocked on the head and thrown in the dust-bin.

Every one of these martial States, from the Florence of the Medici down to the Prussia of the Hohenzollerns, were crumpled by men who loved peace so well that they were willing to fight for it. Every one of them was torn from the protective shell of its ideology by men who saw through the propaganda and struck at the will-to-aggression that lay behind it. As Georges Clemenceau said of the French *poilus* at Verdun: "*Les bons pères des familles, ils sont les diables*". If this seems a trifle uncouth to our modern campus pacifists, a more classic analysis of the same peculiar phenomenon will be found in the following words of Lord Acton, the famous Cambridge historian:

Power tends to expand indefinitely, and will transcend all barriers at home and abroad until met by superior forces. . . . And it is by the combined

efforts of the weak, made under compulsion, to resist the reign of force and constant wrong that in the rapid change but slow progress of four hundred years, liberty has been preserved and secured and extended, and finally understood.

These men knew what they wanted — and they knew how to get it. In this respect they differed from the jittery Liberals of our own time who want peace but shudder at the very name of war.

IV

Now the real tragedy behind the present crisis is not due to any lack of knowledge of the right. It is due to the pathetic unwillingness of the "peace-makers" to back up a rational moral judgment with the physical force necessary to take it out of the realm of abstractions into the realm of facts so hard that even the most headstrong dictator must reckon with them. While the multiplication of fictions, ethical incantations, and indignation meetings continue, while international alignments change like the patterns in a kaleidoscope, no martial State is challenged, no aggressor is put to the acid test of war, which, as I said above, is the *ultima ratio* of civilization.

And it does not take the seventh son of a seventh son to see where

all this is leading us. As long as their aggressions continue unchallenged, the "warlike" nations will increase their influence and the ideological front will be extended by propaganda. Fascism thrives, Communism batters, on these very alarms and excursions that threaten the peace, security, and happiness of mankind. This diplomacy of the sword may not be called war, and it may not be treated like war, but it has already produced an intolerable exacerbation of international relations without parallel in history.

While the democracies stand aghast at the thought of a renewal of the tragic and passionate drama of 1914, while Liberal statesmen tremble with fear lest some reckless speech or fiery protest may precipitate a second world war, a bastard Armageddon, anonymous and undeclared, is already upon us. Apparently, this time there is to be no starter's gun of Serajevo, no general call "to arms!", no ultimatums and no walking-papers for the diplomats; but rather a slow and steady stepping-up of the ten-

sion, rancor, and confusion until civilization falls to pieces like a cheese tunnelled by maggots.

The truth is that the crises in Europe, Africa, and Asia during the last decade may all be reduced to the single question: "To what extent are the democratic nations prepared to support the principles to which they are committed, not merely by their treaties, but by their form of government?" Unless we are capable of giving an adequate answer to this question, international law, collective security, neutrality, even Democracy itself, are simply empty verbalisms — synonyms of weakness — as the strong-boys of power politics know only too well.

If the history of the world means anything, the only adequate answer to the will-to-power is force at the service of the will-to-peace. To remind an arrogant nation of her treaty obligations, to write notes, to invoke the sweetness and light of the Kellogg Pact, to apply the gilded reed of pacifist diplomacy — in all these things did the Chinese trust!

OUR UNECONOMIC ROYALIST

The High Cost of Dr. Roosevelt

BY BLAIR BOLLES

A FAVORITE complaint of Dr. Roosevelt and his entourage of Lovers of the People, is that all the country's rich are *ipso facto* Princes of Greed, Economic Royalists, Liberty-Leaguers, Tax-Cheaters, and Gougers of the Trusting Proletariat. The average American is told daily that the du Ponts, Fords, Sloans, Morgans, and other villains who can afford to live abundantly without federal assistance are close-fisted knaves pocketing salaries huger than decency permits, while the Great White Elephant who smiles wisely in the White House takes but \$75,000 a year for his labors, only \$10,000 more than Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis receives for acting as the Solomon of baseball. The inference naturally drawn by the citizens is that it is up to the Sloans to level their incomes to the Presidential figure, for after all, who is more important than the President? One item omitted from this hate-propaganda, however, is the

fact that Dr. Roosevelt personally costs the nation more each year than a whole tribe of Big Business Macaulays. The \$75,000 annual pay which Congress appropriates for the President is only pin-money.

In hard cash and services, Dr. Roosevelt has been receiving the equivalent of \$355,785 a year since the day he opened his act at the White House; indeed, if we were not making every effort to be fair, the figure might be raised to \$797,637. Taxation digs every sou of this *haute bourgeoisie* sum from the pockets and bank accounts of the American populace, yet, except for a federal income tax on his admitted \$75,000 salary, Dr. Roosevelt escapes the publican entirely. The Great Friend of the Poor travels at public expense to every state in the Union; destroyers protect him while he fishes; he commandeers a cruiser when the deep sea calls; he demands a ship from the Navy for a week-end vacation. Yet the man who holds himself

lucky if he can pay for a bus trip, the city-dweller who knows fish only as a food, the landlubber for whom the deep sea is a blue spot in the atlas, the busy worker who for week-end relaxation takes his children to the zoo—these are the ones who shell out so that Dr. Roosevelt can enjoy the More Abundant Life.

From March 4, 1933, to January 4, 1938, fifty-eight months, the Presidency was worth to Dr. Roosevelt the juicy sum of \$1,719,685. In that period, the President received \$362,500 in salary. He was allowed \$120,829 for the expenses of travel and of entertaining. He drew \$241,667 for contingent expenses. He obtained \$415,359 worth of service from naval cruisers, \$167,996 worth from destroyers, and at least \$3500 worth from a naval airplane carrier. At a cost of \$40,000, for thirty-two months he used the *Sequoia*, a remodeled Department of Commerce inspection boat, as his private yacht. Finding the *Sequoia* cramping, he arranged the refitting of the *Electra*, an old Coast-Guard rum chaser. This cost \$163,000. The ship was renamed the *Potomac*, and since November 17, 1935, the day it entered its exalted service, its operating and maintenance expenses have amounted to \$80,000. The naval

masters of the *Sequoia* and the *Potomac* have drawn \$29,167 in pay. Another \$95,667 has gone to the two naval and army aides who attend the President always, and to the naval physician who is paid by the public not only to take the President's pulse but to keep well the members of his family.

And \$1,719,685 is not all. To staff Dr. Roosevelt's household and office, the government spent \$614,231 during the fifty-eight months. The PWA rebuilt the West Wing of the White House for \$303,087. The PWA remodeled the White House kitchen for \$150,000. The PWA renewed the White House electric wiring for \$78,000, and replaced a White House cornice for \$6000. In four and one-half years, Congress consented to the expenditure from the Treasury of \$832,944 for upkeep of the White House grounds. Eight secret service men and forty-two special policemen guard the Presidential person and the approaches to the White House; the fifty-eight months' fees of this Muscle Trust amount to \$243,393. Add these sums and you discover that while America has been wondering where the next meal is coming from, it has been forking over \$3,947,340, not \$75,000 a year, to finance the star of the New Deal's divine comedy.

II

The White House and its spreading park, the home provided by the voters for the President, are assessed at \$23,623,170. If this home were Dr. Roosevelt's own, he would have paid in real-estate taxes to the District of Columbia from March, 1933, to January of this year, \$1,101,008.46. It is reasonable enough that he does not pay the tax: the White House is a national shrine, and there is sense to the argument that the Chief Executive should be provided with dignified quarters reflecting the glory of this great Socialist State. But in the case of Dr. Roosevelt, the money spent in keeping up the White House is Oriental extravagance. Through January 4, he had been in office 1768 days, but he was on the road 646 days, more than a third of the run of the show—eighty-four days aboard cruisers, ninety-seven days fishing, forty-three days week-ending about Chesapeake Bay aboard the *Sequoia* or the *Potomac*, 142 days to, from, and at Hyde Park, 110 days to, from, and at Warm Springs, 144 days in non-campaign land travel, and twenty-six days in land travel for the 1936 campaign.

The land travel aboard ten-car special trains, crowded with rela-

tives, secretaries, stooges, politicians, and muscle men, each, except the politicians and the relatives (and now one of the latter is on the time-sheet) drawing \$5 a day in expenses, has been widely publicized. But Dr. Roosevelt has never exceeded his \$25,000 travel allowance, even though his 6500-mile trip in 1937 to the Pacific Coast, during which he referred to the virtues of economy, cost almost \$6000 alone.

The Navy Department contends that a ship assigned to carry or escort the Commander-in-Chief is responsible for no expenses it would not at the same time be contracting elsewhere. A rider of the rods might introduce this theory into a Police Court and tell the judge that since the rods were bare, he was putting no extra burden on the railroad by using them for travel. So let us look at this record: Aboard the heavy cruiser *Houston*, the Uneconomic Royalist, who in all his Presidential travels has covered 114,000 miles, went in 1934 from Annapolis, Maryland, to Hawaii, and in 1935 from San Diego, California, to Charleston, South Carolina. The heavy cruiser *New Orleans* escorted him to Hawaii, and the heavy cruiser *Portland* escorted him from San Diego. The *U. S. S. Macon*, air-

plane carrier, made a two-day trip from its Sunnysdale, California, base to fetch mail to Hawaii-bound Dr. Roosevelt. From November 18 to December 19, 1936, our roving President used the heavy cruiser *Indianapolis* to convey him to Buenos Aires, where he filled the air with the dogma of Pan-American love, and back to Norfolk, Virginia. The *Indianapolis* was an old friend; the Super-Admiral rode it in 1933 from Campobello, Nova Scotia, where he had ended a June fishing trip, to Annapolis — four days, \$13,742.

Dr. Roosevelt cannot pursue the tuna, the flying fish, and a healthy sun-tan unless two destroyers are standing by. Since he arrived at the White House, he has fished in Long Island Sound, by Edgartown, Mass., Pulpit Harbor, Me., Southwest Harbor, Me., Roque Island, Me., Campobello, in the Chesapeake, in Gulf-Stream waters from Jacksonville, Fla., to the Leewards, by the Virgin Islands, Cocos Island, Oahu, near Desdemona Sands, Ore., Ocean City, N. J., Block Island, and in the Gulf of Mexico. Witnesses to his angling have been the officers and men of these destroyers, each ship costing \$1368 a day to operate: the *Farra-gut*, *Ellis*, *Dale*, *Monohan*, *Dickerson*, *Moffett*, *Hopkins*, *Selfridge*,

and *New*. On the President's own boat during these trips are usually some members of his family and always his chief military aides (now Col. Edwin Watson and Capt. Walter B. Woodson) and his naval physician, Capt. Ross McIntire (the Roosevelts are the beneficiaries also of free dental service, free barbering, the use of twelve automobiles, and free laundry service). Dr. Roosevelt used to fish from the yacht *Nourmahal* when he was a Good Neighbor of its owner, Vincent Astor. Lately, he drops his line from the *Potomac*, which never leaves Washington for a Chesapeake Bay week-end cruise without at least four guests aboard, aside from the always-present Marguerite Le Hand, Dr. Roosevelt's private secretary, and the President's bodyguard (now Thomas J. Qualters, former Notre Dame University tackle). These guests have eaten eight hundred breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners, and Lieut. A. D. Clarke, U. S. N., commander of the *Potomac*, draws \$3600 a year in Navy pay.

III

Dr. Roosevelt enjoys a \$50,000 swimming pool built in the White House through public subscription, managed by a newspaper a

few months after he took office. Steinway provided his official domicile with a \$6000 gold piano, gratis. The President's former bodyguard, Gus Gennerich, set up a shooting gallery in the White House basement. From all parts of the country, from profusive admirers of the Pal of the Proletariat, annually come gifts valued at \$50,000. When the President entertains, the War Department assigns to him ten officers, besides Colonel Watson; the Navy assigns him eight, besides Captain Woodson; and the Marine Corps assigns two officers to act as aides and put more of the De Mille touch into his show.

Among the other publicly-paid supporting actors about the White House are three presidential secretaries, including eldest son James Roosevelt (\$10,000 each); two executive officers (\$7000 each); two senior administration officers (\$4000 each); six administration officers (\$4950 each); administrative assistant (\$3100); six junior administrative assistants (\$2817 each); three principal clerks

(\$2500 each); one clerk (\$2000); one clerk (\$1920); two assistant clerks (\$1740 each); custodial supervisor (\$1800); three messengers and doorkeepers (\$1540 each); one messenger (\$1440); one messenger (\$1380); two laborers (\$1170 each); three chauffeurs (\$2334 each); one assistant chauffeur (\$1760); footman (\$1560), and two car-washers (\$1320 each). Dr. Roosevelt from his own pocket pays his personal servants at the White House about \$10,000 a year.

A Dutchess County, New York, neighbor of the President would be assessed \$18,779 in federal income taxes and \$5550 in New York State income taxes on a salary of \$75,000 a year. The President pays the \$18,779. The same New Yorker receiving the \$355,785 which is the actual Roosevelt emolument, would pay \$194,288 in federal income taxes and \$26,867 to New York — \$221,155 in all. Dr. Roosevelt still pays \$18,779. That makes the net annual cost of his act \$337,006 in cash of the realm.

Are you quite sure he is worth it, Mr. Taxpayer?



WHY GET MARRIED?

By A WIFE

THERE is a lot of discussion these days about solving the difficulties of modern young people who wish to get married. My own reply to the matter is: "Why get married?" This may be an old-fashioned individualistic solution, and of course does not represent any of the "social consciousness" to which I was educated, or with which the new political theory abounds. But I see no advantages in modern marriage for either husband or wife; and I see tremendous disadvantages for both, particularly the wife.

There was a time when the logic of marriage was sound — the days when marriage meant a permanent home, with joint possessions and children; when it was necessary for an established place in the community; when society frowned upon bachelors, pitied old maids, and ignored "immoral" women. In addition, marriage offered certain definite advantages to the husband despite the heavy obligations with which it also burdened him. It provided the most satisfactory sex life

for a man of moderate-income; it gave him a sense of importance as the head of a household which was operated entirely for his comforts; and, in its days of permanence, homes, and children, marriage offered a comfortable old age without loneliness. While for the woman, marriage was more than a satisfactory solution; it was the only solution. Without it, one had only a meager existence as a poor relative, tolerated because of kinship, and without status as a member of society.

But today, the disadvantages of marriage are countless; the advantages chiefly a matter of illusion and outworn ideology. Marriage no longer necessarily implies a home. People live in apartments, with their possessions limited to an automobile, a radio, a few small pieces of furniture, some linens, silver, and glassware (chiefly wedding presents), and wearing apparel. Man no longer comes home to mow the lawn or to putter about the yard. He has no yard. He no longer sits up late at night devising

a way to finance a new roof, buy tomato plants, and negotiate eyeglasses for Susy and a tonsillectomy for Bill. The landlord finances the roof, tomato plants won't grow in apartments, and, most probably, there is neither a Susy nor a Bill, and no desire for them except for a few hours after seeing Shirley Temple's latest movie. (And this desire is inevitably counteracted at once by direct contact with a modern child who has reached the age of five.)

As for a place in the community, the modern cave-dweller lives in an apartment house which, upon his leaving, requires only that he notify the manager to whom he has paid his rent each month; if his means have included them in his rent, he bids farewell to the doorman, the telephone and elevator operators. Nobody else knows he has gone except the people below, who find their relief tempered with forebodings that the next tenant may be a tap dancer. Man's home is thus no longer a castle; it is, instead, a place in which to sleep, bathe, change clothes, and, if the income be moderate, to eat. Man's club today is the city's bars and night clubs where admission with a mistress is as easy, and frequently more welcome, than with a wife. Man's existence has become, where

income permits, a round of restaurants where the food far surpasses anything Mother ever managed on her budget; and, no matter what the income, movies where the entertainment is far superior to the old Elk's Minstrel Show and the local dramatic-club offerings; dances where the orchestra is infinitely better than the old local band.

An evening "at home" in an ill-ventilated and small apartment usually means a drinking bout or a bridge game with both your friends (two couples if you are fortunate). Towards the end of the month, when money grows scarce, you may spend several evenings reading magazines, with the radio blaring. But about ten o'clock you'll "go for a walk", and stop in at a bar. Your wife will be pressing clothes when you return, bearing an expression of self-pity for her lot. For she has been going to movies and night clubs with you throughout the month, and this is the first opportunity she has had to do more than rinse out stockings to hang in the bathroom. She has a job, of course. How else would you manage? And besides, what could she do to occupy herself in a small apartment all day, without friends, with no garden produce to can, no jelly nor jam to make, no children

to sew and mend for, no big house to clean, no garden and yard to work in, no church and club activities?

Yet the modern wife, who is expected to work at a job requiring as much time as her husband's and probably paying as much or more, must also be a wife, while the term *husband* no longer has any meaning. The average wife gets up and fixes breakfast while her husband shaves, then washes dishes and makes the bed while he stands with watch in hand. On her way home from work she does her marketing. Once in the apartment, she rushes to prepare dinner while her husband reads the evening paper, or growls about his job and the state of the Union. And woe befall the woman who dares mention difficulties involved in *her* job. When dinner is ready, her lord and master sits down and eats, silently and quickly. If cake or pie is served, he asks: "Did you bake this?" It never occurs to him to wonder *when* it could have been baked. After dinner, he returns to his paper, studying the movie offerings, while his wife cleans the kitchen, collects laundry, makes a list of telephone calls to put in from the office tomorrow, washes socks, stockings, and underwear, and remembers today is her mother's birthday but is

careful not to remark on it, for after all her husband married *her*, not her family.

If the wife is particularly tired, this is the night her husband is in the mood for dancing. She dare not mention fatigue, lest she upset the illusion of being "a swell pal", for that is the one illusion to which modern marriage clings. To a husband, "a swell pal" is a woman who gets breakfast and dinner, cleans the apartment, "goes places and does things" with you, listens approvingly and without interruption to your observations on life and people, gets you home and to bed when you are drunk, and who sleeps with you without having any effect upon your dreams. (A servant might do as well, but costs too much; a mistress would refuse all services except those following dinner, would not share expenses, and would definitely disturb your dreams.) For sex, in today's marriage, is no longer a biological urge; it is a subject in current conversation, and, upon rare occasions, a quick relief for the husband.

II

From my viewpoint, I can see no reason at all for modern marriage. For those few persons who still achieve the archaic but satisfying

status of marriage, as most of our parents knew it, yes; but for the modern cave-dweller-class of society, the single state seems to me to be a much more intelligent choice.

A single woman, for instance, has privacy; she can, instead of being "a swell pal", have the more varied emotional experience of being a daughter, a sister, a friend, a woman, and a sweetheart. The years may gradually prohibit the latter, but by the time she is thirty-five, such a woman will have experienced far more attention, consideration, politeness, affection, romance, and sexual satisfaction than she will have had as "a swell pal". She will be as well-off financially, if not better, for she will have saved her share of the cost of an automobile and of entertainment; and, through devoting her time, which is her own, to the task, she will have greatly increased her earning capacity. (Wives have difficulty in getting good jobs, and are seldom promoted as rapidly as unmarried "career women".) She will have received furs and jewelry and perfume for birthday and Christmas gifts, instead of flannel bathrobes and waffle irons. And, at thirty-five, if she desires steadier male "companionship" than her

age permits, she can always get married, and start being "a swell pal" with a wealth of memories, a well-supplied wardrobe, and a fat savings account.

The successful American woman of thirty-five, with a position paying a handsome salary, who cannot marry, and marry well, does not exist in the present scheme of things. The man she marries, when she is thirty-five, is likely to be far superior to the man she would have married at twenty-one. If she prefers to remain single, but has reached the point of desiring a child, she can adopt one; she can even take a year's leave of absence and produce one of her own, if she feels moved to do so. And she will have just about as much assistance in rearing the child alone as she would have with a modern husband.

No, there is no lonelier existence in the world than that of being a modern wife, and no existence so lacking in satisfactions. It is a comparatively recent status, holding none of the qualities claimed for it in movies and romantic fiction. The modern wife is no credit to womanhood, but she is less a credit to modern man and his civilization.

PRISONERS OF SOVIET TERROR

BY THE MERCURY'S MOSCOW CORRESPONDENT¹

MOSCOW. (*Uncensored*) — A casual press item here recently threw into stark relief one of the almost incredible enormities of life under His Imperial Majesty Joseph Stalin and "the world's most democratic constitution" bearing his blessed name. The item merely listed, off-handedly, some of the construction jobs now in progress or scheduled for the near future that have been entrusted to the secret police; in other words, enterprises being carried through with convict labor. The building of hydroelectric stations, railroads, mining developments, highways, harbor and canal works — an astounding total of work placed under the knout of the renowned OGPU, now known more politely as the Commissariat of Home Affairs.

The shock even for this nearly shock-proof country lay in the size of the armies of forced labor implied by the undertakings allocated

to the secret police. It had been generally assumed that the convict labor forces, estimated at more than 2,000,000 in the early 'Thirties, had been greatly reduced. The assumption evidently was hasty. To accomplish the tasks now set for the convicts, considering the inefficiency of Russian workmen and the speed expected of the OGPU in its role as industrial boss, 2,000,000 prisoners will scarcely go round.

A foreign construction engineer here in Moscow, at the writer's suggestion, tried to figure out the labor-power that might be required to put the government order into effect. Long before he had gotten through the published list of projects his calculations topped 1,000,000. The electrification plans on the Volga alone, he pointed out, are several times larger than the celebrated Dnieper station under the first Five-Year Plan, and will therefore require at least 250,000 prisoners. Twice as many more will be required to build the roads planned. Many important jobs not mentioned publicly — such as stra-

¹ THE MERCURY will, from time to time, present dispatches from this correspondent. For most obvious reasons, his name cannot be made public.

tegic railroad spurs, fortifications, and the like — are as a matter of course under police supervision, and must be reckoned in estimating the size of the OGPU chore. In addition, many tasks in the hands of the ordinary economic commissariats have quotas of prisoners assigned to them. It is only the most difficult and dangerous work, in harsh climates and under man-killing conditions, where free labor cannot possibly be mobilized, that is assigned to the secret police exclusively. But convict labor is applied also to other construction on a non-exclusive basis.

There was a time when the Kremlin was rather self-conscious about its forced labor program and took precautions to conceal the extent of that program. Familiarity seems to have cured the Soviet régime of all skittishness in this connection. It has even developed a lopsided pride in the magnitude and productivity of its slave-labor undertakings. Pretty rationalizations have been worked out through the years for domestic and export use in this respect. The prisoners are said to be “reconditioned” into noble Soviet citizens; no mention is made of those reconditioned into ignoble corpses by the tens of thousands in the frozen Arctic or the seared Asiatic deserts.

The largest of the forced-labor efforts, the building of the canal connecting the Baltic and the White Seas, which makes the ancient Egyptian slave job on the pyramids look trifling by comparison and which cost countless thousands of lives, has been glorified in books, posters, plays, and cinemas. Other convict constructions — the Moscow-Volga Canal, two Siberian railroads, etc. — similarly have been publicized as great “Socialist” victories. Marx may writhe in his grave, but the Soviet sort of Marxists can swallow anything without gagging.

Forced-labor on a gigantic scale is an accepted fact in the life of Stalinland. The announced plans disclose that far from being a temporary measure, as once was supposed, the scale is being widened. The system was devised by Henry Yagoda, now himself a prisoner (unless he has been shot). His successor, the mysterious Comrade Yezhoffs, has even grander talents in this direction, as exemplified in the purge and other aspects of the Permanent Terror.

The Soviet people are too familiar with forced-labor to be worried by the fact itself. They are alarmed, however, by the questions that arise as the plans enlarging police operations on the industrial front be-

come known. Where will the government get its millions of prisoners? Into which layers of the population will Comrade Yezhoffs reach for new recruits? What new draconic decrees automatically placing vast numbers in the hands of the OGPU are being contemplated? How will the Kremlin obtain convict-engineers, convict-foremen, convict-planners for its ambitious enterprises?

The whole system rests on the assumption of unlimited supplies of prisoners. The only way to maintain such an influx of convicts, short of impressing them into service without pretense or excuse, is to create new categories of political crimes. The first nationwide mobilization of slave-labor, starting with 1929, was made possible by the campaign for socialized farming, when hundreds of thousands of peasants were gathered into concentration camps as fast as their labor was required. A drive against engineers and other educated groups at the same time provided the necessary supplement of technical *cadres*. But the fearful mortality rate on convict jobs, amnesties, and completion of terms of imprisonment have drained the original forces. The current political purges, spy scares, and sabotage charges are presumably yielding

new technically-trained personnel for the OGPU. The mass of people is watching in mortal fear to see how the armies of common labor will be driven into the prison camps.

The Soviet authorities have never made public the statistics for political and other prisoners. Estimates are based on the scope of the principal convict construction jobs and on the occasional amnesties to batches of from 10,000 to 60,000 at a clip on the completion of some railroad or canal. A single forced-labor camp — the one near here in connection with the digging of the Moscow-Volga Canal, for instance — had in it more prisoners than all the concentration camps in Germany and Italy combined. There are dozens of such camps. It is surely no exaggeration, therefore, to say that there are more *political* prisoners in Russia than in all the rest of the world put together.

II

The most pathetic category of political prisoners, and the most significant for the world beyond the Soviet borders, consists of foreign Communists. Arrived here in the Soviet Wonderland as refugees from some Fascist or near-Fascist government, as voluntary exiles, or

as functionaries in the complicated bureaucracy of the various Red Internationals, they strayed from the narrow zigzag path of the "Party Line" and found themselves in the toils of the OGPU. By the very fact of their presence in Russia these foreign revolutionists had cut themselves off from their native lands. In breaking with the land of their adoption—their "Socialist Fatherland", in the official cant—they have become in the most pitiful sense men and women without a country.

Few outside the international Communist movement itself are aware of the lengths to which the Kremlin has been going in the last year or two in purging the ranks of foreign adherents of the Cause who happen, for one reason or another, to be within reach of the Soviet police. Now and then the arrest of a prominent non-Russian leader reaches the world press. The downfall of the once-powerful Bela Kun, head of the short-lived Hungarian Soviet State soon after the World War, is a case in point. Occasionally a foreign Communist, having escaped from Russia or been extracted by outside influences, does some talking. Victor Serge, Belgian-born Communist who spent many years in Soviet prisons and exiles, and who is now

writing about it all in France, is a case in point. On the whole, however, this aspect of the purge is the least known and least understood.

Yet it is a fact that of the foreign Communists here under the hammer-and-sickle, the majority are also under lock-and-key: in prisons, prison camps, or exile colonies. Some, considered harmless or ineffective, are expelled from the country where they had been promised refuge; they are relatively few. The rest are kept under the heel of the OGPU for fear that, if allowed to go abroad, they might tell what they have seen and experienced.

The tragedy of their position is beyond words to describe. These Hungarians, Germans, Poles, Rumanians, Finns, Italians, Austrians, professional revolutionists for the most part, fled the lands of their birth. Among them are those who escaped the prisons of Horthy and Hitler. Several hundreds came from Austria after Dollfuss had annihilated their Socialist organizations in February, 1934: *Schutzbund* fighters. Many had committed political crimes in their own countries that made escape to Russia their only salvation. Without exception these men and women hastened eastward to the land of Soviets like people returning home

— the home of their deepest faith.

Doubtless there were charlatans among them as among all men. But with few exceptions they actually believed the things they had told the workers and peasants and intellectuals in their own countries about the “Socialist Fatherland”. They had explained the Kremlin’s violent methods as temporary and unavoidable. Now they are the victims of that same violence. They have learned that the brutality used against “class enemies” is used just as readily against malcontents inside the Communist movement.

Loss of liberty is only half their tragedy, perhaps the smaller half. They have also lost their faith. Out of the German or Italian or Hungarian frying pan into the OGPU fire, and the realization, in addition, that the country for which they had labored and sacrificed and agitated is just another Fascist State. . . .

Foreign Communists are not unfamiliar with official curbs on their freedom of speech in their native lands. But that experience, harsh as it may have been, is small preparation for the extreme measures of suppression here in Russia. Soon or late they utter some word, some oblique criticism of Soviet policies, that lands them in jail. As lifelong revolutionists accustomed to un-

derground conniving, moreover, their natural impulse is to connive some more. They rarely get beyond the stage of talking it over with other disgruntled Comrades before they are spotted by ubiquitous informers.

Let no one suppose that the foreign Communists have been apprehended for outright rebellion. The chief and usually sole “crime” is *that they are still Communists*, at a period in Russian history when Communism (and the writer realizes that this sounds like gibberish to the uninformed outside of Russia) has been outlawed by the Stalin leadership. Refugees from other lands need only hold on to some of their basic Marxian and internationalist ideas to find themselves way off the “line”. They become “counter-revolutionaries” in the eyes of the Soviet masters as soon as they reveal so much as an accurate memory of the original ideas as formulated by Marx, Lenin, and Trotsky.

Remember that an intense new nationalism is the mark of present-day Russia. To an observer living here it is necessary only to read the super-patriotic editorials day after day, listen to the chauvinistic exhortations on the radio, watch the new plays and cinemas that glorify Russian heroes and Russian tradi-

tions to realize the strength of the resuscitated nationalism. It is by this time every bit as idolatrous of the State as in Germany and Italy. How can foreigners—foreigners, moreover, brought up on internationalist ideas—swallow Russian chauvinism? They try to fool themselves for a while with the notion that this is a special kind of nationalism, a Socialist Nationalism as it were, but the pretense won't hold for long. The new patriotism, the stress on the word *Russian*, are too much like the thing they opposed at home. The Germans, especially, recognize the very details of the National Socialism they left behind them.

There is no room here in the Soviet Union in its present shape for internationalists, for Communists, for aliens. The foreign Communists are therefore thrice-damned. They are automatically heretics, and though they have fought against "Trotskyism" in their homelands (else they would never have gone to Russia) they are automatically "Trotskyites" in Moscow.

In a good many cases the Soviet Government for reasons of its own decides to deport the foreign Communists. Political irony then takes cruel forms. Having reached Russia usually without legal passports,

the prisoners must be provided with documents by the consulates of the nations from which they fled. Completely cynical in such matters, the Soviet authorities have not hesitated to notify some foreign legation that one of its nationals is held for deportation and would they please provide a passport. We thus have the incredible picture of the Nazi consulate, as a matter of routine, interceding for German Communists! Mussolini's representatives, independently or at the request of the Soviet Foreign Office, have acted for a number of Italian Communists. The Austrian legation, in particular, seems to have gone out of the way to help extricate *Schutzbund* refugees who are militant enemies of the present Austrian Government. The fact that some of these Communists are being deported to certain death at the hands of the dictatorships in their home countries has not deterred the Kremlin. All of this makes strange conversation at our diplomatic cocktail parties.

A few of the foreign legations here refuse to recognize the legal existence of their countrymen caught in the Soviet dragnet. Their attitude is: these Communists have made their bed, let them sleep in it! The German, Austrian, and other governments, on the con-

trary, are doing everything diplomatically possible to help the unfortunates. But the unfortunates are not always overjoyed at being helped by governments they hate. Despite assurances of safety, now that they have presumably been "cured" of Bolshevism, they fear to return home. In several instances of which the writer is aware, foreign Communists, on learning that they were to be shipped back to their Fascist fatherland, tried to end their lives.

The story of a certain Comrade P, being told in the German colony here, sets the tone for the whole ironical business. He had run away from Hitler, sought refuge in Russia, and in due course ended up as a prisoner of the OGPU — the routine story of most of the German Reds who fled to Russia. After seven or eight months, during which he was not even informed of the charges against him, he was led out of his dungeon for a hearing. Several men were in the room. He listened without flinching while an act of accusation was read against him. At the end, the document stated that he would be deported. Only then he learned that one of the men present, attending at the express invitation of the Soviet Government, was from the Nazi Ger-

man consulate! Comrade P 's composure broke down. "Execute me here!" he shouted. "I refuse to go back to Germany!" Both the Russians and his countrymen tried to quiet him, but he had to be led away, hysterical.

III

The *Izvestia* editorial on December 15, three days after the so-called free Soviet election, carried the title: "The World Has Never Known Another Such Election." No irony was intended. The title is true in more ways than one. Neither is there any intentional humor in the expression, "victory of the Communist bloc" — used in all the headlines here after the election. No other bloc, of course, was on the ballot. Most amusing to foreign observers are the dispatches from all over the world published here, allegedly describing the admiration evoked by the Soviet elections in London, Paris, New York, Prague, and other democratic cities. For not one expression of doubt about the genuineness of the election is indicated in these dispatches. The Soviet population is thus led to believe that the strange proceedings on December 12, when ninety-odd million Russians chose one out of one candidate for

the legislature, have been accepted as truly "democratic" by the world at large. Luckily the more intelligent Soviet citizens have long ago stopped believing what they read. They assume that political naïveté such as those Tass stories would imply is pure invention.

The mechanics of this misrepresentation are as follows: the Tass dispatch takes an isolated sentence or two out of the stories about the election published abroad from Moscow correspondents. To this it adds long quotations from out-and-out Communist or sympathetic Liberal journals. The resultant concoction would make it appear that the foreign press is unanimous in praise of Stalin's plebiscite. For example, a New York dispatch quotes two or three sentences out of their context from the election stories sent by the Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times*. The quotations are handled in such a way as to convey to Soviet readers that the American press is applauding the "most democratic election in history".

If all this seemed fantastic, the comment on the election in foreign newspapers and periodicals of Left or approximately Left persuasion is no less so. Some of these papers have reached Moscow, and we read them for comic relief. They admit,

unavoidably, that the elections were not democratic in the Western or American sense of the word. But Russia is different, they explain. In the first place, Russians have never known democracy or the secret ballot, and they mistake the fake imitation for the real thing: the mere formality of making a mark on paper in a closed booth gives them a thrill of power. In the second place, it is a *beginning*, and though today practically an empty ceremony, it is a first step toward the Real Thing tomorrow. Which is, to put it mildly, unadulterated and vicious nonsense.

Not one Russian in ten thousand has been fooled by the election ceremonies. For a year or more they had been told specifically that they would be allowed to choose between two or more candidates. The choice, they knew, would be narrow under any circumstances. (Who but a madman would dare enter the lists against the candidate endorsed by the local Communist leadership?) At best it would be a make-believe contest among a number of men or women equally acceptable to the Party and placed on the ballot to provide the appearance of choice. Sample ballots indicated as many as three candidates. But even the semblance was finally eliminated

as too risky for the government. The mountain in labor begat a mouse—just one candidate, unopposed!

The assumption of Soviet sympathizers in other countries that the average Russian is too stupid to see through the farce is most unkind to Russians. The lowliest peasant knows that the elections were phoney. He may be unlettered but he is not stupid. The election was of a piece with the unanimous resolutions, the unanimous parades, the unanimous subscriptions to State loans and all the rest of the “voluntary” unanimity that characterizes the life of a Totalitarian State.

Those Left periodicals seem also to have forgotten that democratic elections and secret ballots

are by no means new in Russia. There was once a Duma, elected by secret ballot, in which many parties, including parties of the Left, had seats and a voice. A majority of the Russian population is not too young to remember this, and most of the others know of it by hearsay. The political ignorance of the Soviet masses is not as complete as their alleged friends outside imagine.

The *opera bouffe* election here in December was not the beginning of Soviet democracy. It was the end of the hope for democracy aroused among the more optimistic by the Stalin Constitution. The whole pre-election ballyhoo has resolved into just one more demonstration of the advancing Soviet Fascism.



HOW TO MAKE YOUR SON A MISFIT

BY GORDON SHIPMAN

THE art of raising your boy to be a misfit, when all the other circumstances in his life tend toward success, is an art to which many are called and too many chosen. It requires not only certain definite characteristics, but the will to apply its principles with tender devotion over a period of years. Those most adept at the calling are mothers with strong maternal instincts who have but few outlets for their emotional life except the training of their sons. This condition is encouraged if the mother has no interest in music, art, literature, or public affairs; and if her husband is well-to-do, so that the continuous attention she devotes to her son will not be distracted by household duties. She should be vain, too, about her mother-love, displaying it as a piece of jewelry as she moves steadfastly toward the goal of raising her boy to be a failure.

Training for failure should begin in infancy. Since God in His mercy has made it impossible for infants to comprehend the prattle

of a mother in lactation, you can begin the spoiling process only by non-vocal methods. Interfere with the infant's physical functions in such a manner as to make for irregularity. Always consider your own comfort and gratification. Keep the baby up beyond bedtime to show him to visiting friends; put him to bed before the usual hour so that you may entertain more conveniently; feed him ahead of schedule when he cries, rock him when he yells, carry him when he shrieks. Do everything to interfere with the regimen of his life: this lays the basis for instability and future misery.

Nurse the infant throughout the entire period of infancy and as long as you can afterward, for this prolongation of physical dependence upon the mother is a prelude to the prolongation of mental dependence. It likewise provides an excellent opportunity for emotional disturbance during the late weaning period, which should be an abrupt transition. Between feedings, use pacifiers to

make him less of a nuisance. Do not permit the infant to feed himself. Put off as long as possible any experience in eating, dressing, or the toilet which might serve as a lesson in self-reliance. Perform all such tasks for him until you are frustrated by the school.

Throughout infancy and childhood, always talk baby-talk. Call him by such names as "Mother's Lover", "Mother's Little Lamb", and "Sweetie Pie". Employ these expressions literally and act in public as though the boy were really your lover. Slobber his face with kisses; pat him as though he were a lamb; teach him to be the Model Little Gentleman who treats his mother with that consideration which a young man bestows upon his best girl.

As the infant grows into childhood, keep in mind the old-fashioned methods of rearing a spoiled brat. The main difficulty here, however, is that many women can perceive these methods only when they are used by other people. But if you conceive of your boy as being but an extension of your ego, you will always take affront at any criticism. Carry a chip on your shoulder for anyone who dares to criticize your child. This will tend to insulate you from ideas which might interfere with attaining

your goal of raising a misfit son. It will also produce useful mental ramifications in the mind of the boy, who will soon learn that you will take his side against the admonitions of father, neighbors, teachers, and authorities.

You must not use the slightest physical punishment during the first three years. As a consequence, your son will not learn the meaning of the word *No*, and thus will enter childhood with tremendous potentialities for upsetting "mama's nervous system". Nevertheless, a useful distinction may be made between parental efforts to stimulate positive action, and efforts to inhibit forbidden conduct. In order to produce achievement in the sense of carrying out a command to do useful work, you should resort to punishment; in order to inhibit forbidden conduct you must neglect punishment and resort to bribery, nagging, and threats. The bribery is hush money—to hush impending tantrums and to instruct in elemental racketeering; the nagging should be done in a shrill voice with a rising inflection; the threats should never be carried out. Thus you will punish the boy to make him clean up his play-room, but fail to punish him when he runs into the street.

As the lad's disobedience devel-

ops nicely, he will get more and more on your nerves. This will be an additional advantage, because when annoyed you will punish him with a display of temper at just the right time to increase further his disobedience. Thus your disciplinary measures will be arbitrary and inconsistent; they will be well adapted for violating his sense of justice and for imbuing him with resentment. The boy must learn as soon as possible that you punish him only as your neurasthenia permits; that punishment depends not upon his conduct but upon the state of your disposition. During his periods of quiescence, your mother-love should return in full bloom so as to smother him with loving attention. He must be entirely confused as to cause and effect, conduct and consequences, rewards and punishments. Life for him must be fickle, inconsistent, and illogical.

If at any time you should falter in your ambition of raising a misfit son, you should place him in care of domestics who are to perform the more disagreeable tasks of misfit-training. Hire for this purpose servants who are young, ignorant, unstable, or psychopathic. Let them care for the child when he is dirty, unruly, and noisy. You come into the picture when he is sweet and

clean—to show him off and to nurse your maternal propensities. Permit the servants to administer punishment to the child which will terrorize, instill emotional disturbance, and humiliate. Let them resort to weird types of punishment such as locking the boy in a dark closet. They should also threaten with references to police, gypsies, tramps, bogeymen, and ghosts. Emotional shock involving terror is excellent in training for failure.

II

Dishonesty, a fundamental asset of failure sons, is taught mainly by maternal imitation. Of course, it is not necessary that you go shop-lifting with your boy at your heels. Be more refined about it. Send your son to the door with instructions to tell the waiting salesman, "Mama isn't home." Let your son in on other lies such as telling father you need money for one thing when you intend to use it for another, or telling Mrs. Bekowski that you cannot accept her invitation because of another engagement, when the real reason is snobbery. Continue with white lies as often as you can. They are even better than ordinary lies because they inculcate insincerity as well as dishonesty. Along with your lying,

use as much malicious gossip as you can in the lad's presence. The white lies, the insincerity, and the gossip all go hand in hand. You'll be surprised how quickly Junior will imbibe your double-crossing.

Never exercise the least moral courage in your human relationships. Accomplish all your ends by indirection. In addition to imitation, association may be used to inculcate dishonesty. If, after wrongdoing, the boy should come to you and tell the truth, you must be properly horrified by the act and (neglecting his moral courage) punish him. The idea is to associate fear and pain with truthfulness. Once this association is created, your boy will be equipped to lie himself into the reformatory, because in the midst of panic he will lie to the sheriff, the district attorney, the judge, the probation officer, even though all these officials may be eagerly looking for an opportunity to justify leniency.

The use of tantrums is likewise essential in the training of misfits. Select some moment before a meal when both you and the child are tired, then tease the boy into a tantrum by a succession of arbitrary negatives. As his nervous tension goes up one notch, yours should go up two, so that your superior energy will re-inforce his

original outburst; continue thus to compete with him until both of you are frothing at the mouth. During the first phase of the tantrum, continue to assert that he shall not get what he is demanding; during the second phase, let there be some doubt about what you will do; and finally, after all the family is worn out, give in to the lad.

Make it a point to bring controversial issues to the dinner table. Prolong family quarrels at mealtime and announce prohibitions and bad news before the meal. Discuss the discipline problems of the day in such positive tones that your husband answers with silence. If father should volunteer an observation regarding what is good or bad for Junior, you must immediately take issue with him in the presence of the children and proceed to argue him down. If father should presume to initiate a denial to one of Junior's requests, you should surreptitiously endeavor to fulfill it.

As soon as your son is old enough to comprehend the idea of heredity, you should proclaim the evil genius of Junior's paternal aunts, uncles, and grandparents. Revile them least with adjectives, more with substantives, and most of all by gesture and manner of speak-

ing. Connect their evil traits with those of Junior when he is "bad". When the boy becomes sick you must describe his ailments in terms of his paternal heredity. Be constantly solicitous about his health and at the slightest symptom become alarmed. Take his temperature frequently. Trot him to the doctor, but never alone. Carry yourself in a state of nervous apprehension lest some evil befall him. Fuss about his diet continually and dope him with medicine.

Over-indulgence, too, is a factor of prime importance. Fulfill every desire of the growing boy before he can experience the joys of anticipation or the satisfaction that comes from a reward well-earned. If you are not wealthy enough to do this, the best procedure is to overwhelm yourself with self-sacrifice and your son with self-pity. Make much ado about the necessity of Junior having what other boys have. Demand of your husband that he also deny himself so that "our son can show that Smith boy a thing or two". Be sure, however, that the boy understands how much everybody is sacrificing on his behalf. Indeed, you may gloat over his acquisitions more than he. As you proceed to coddle your boy you re-inforce — unconsciously — your own selfish indulgence in

mother-love. While thus concentrating on yourself, you suffer the delusion that your boy will learn to concentrate likewise, and will therefore give unselfish attention to mother. But this is where you get fooled, for the prime characteristic of a misfit son is unmitigated selfishness.

III

Mothers who are orthodox and puritanical may neglect the sex education of their sons. When the first pertinent questions are asked regarding human biology, you must by word and expression convey the idea that this subject is taboo. This ignorance has all sorts of possibilities for fear, terror, and juvenile delinquency. Many cases of truancy, stealing, outbursts of temper, and running away from home have been traced to mental conflict that arose accidentally from misunderstood sex words and actions. Thus you should not only permit the boy to play with demoralized companions who by word and act provide material for mental conflict, but you must also, by establishing a barrier to confidence between yourself and child, prevent the liquidation of such mental conflict. When training or lack of training on sex matters is thus car-

ried out, you will fill the subconscious mind of the future misfit with ideas and associations to frustrate achievement. For every man in prison there are usually two women — a mother and a wife — who should be there with him for contributing to the infantilism of male adults.

All expert trainers of misfit sons make use of the principle of transference: they transfer their ego to the offspring, using the latter as a receptacle in which their own secret ambitions are to be realized. Such parents map out a career for their children and doggedly insist that the latter fulfill them. The application of the principle of transference is useful when the ambitions of the parent conflict with the ambitions of the youth, and when the ambitions of the parent are beyond fulfillment by the offspring. The first procedure will frustrate the personality, leading to emotional conflict and a sense of futility; the second will produce an inferiority complex.

And so your boy will finally reach intellectual and physical maturity, but the emotional aspect of his personality will be that of a child. You have about reached your goal of making him a misfit. The personality-pattern you have been trying to shape is one char-

acterized by a refusal to face unpleasant realities, by a tendency to avoid responsibility, by the ingenuity of finding alibis for dodging responsibility, by an inherent weakness in facing crises, and by self-centered preoccupations. If such a personality-pattern is developed the misfit is already made. If the pattern contains character elements that indicate strength, then you must keep your son home for a period of years after he reaches physical maturity. All this time you must continue to mother him, make his decisions, and generally keep him under the shadow of your maternal wing. If he gets interested in girls, let your mother-son complex come into full swing. Make catty remarks about each girl in turn until the young man begins to think that he, himself, is so perfect that he must marry only the Perfect Woman.

If your previous training has been satisfactory, you will have prepared him for this artistic idea. The mother-son complex is your final and best weapon, and you should utilize it for a knock-out blow. Make the personality of your son such that he will fail to find a successful adjustment in marriage and thus add another factor to insure his failure. Then you can rest assured you have created a misfit.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SHARECROPPER

By B. L. Moss

ACCORDING to the press agents of the great Left-wing, the Southern sharecropper is the most benighted of American citizens. The hapless tenant farmer, we are told, is ground under heel from dawn to dark and deprived of all but the barest necessities of life; his day is an unending cycle of back-breaking toil, of oppression, of brutality, of whip and scourge; and when the crops are finally harvested, his share of the landlord's profit is a pittance — so small, in fact, that he cannot pay off his honest debts and therefore must resume his slave-like existence. And so on, year after year, *ad infinitum*.

The result of such Left-wing propaganda has been to create in the minds of many genuine Liberals (most of whom have never traveled south of the Mason-Dixon Line) the belief that the Civil War was fought in vain and that Simon Legrees still stalk the fertile cotton-fields of Dixie. Indeed, in many Liberals, this belief has become a feverish conviction, and thus we cotton-planters who reside in the

South have been forced to entertain a visiting army of Comrades, labor organizers, union agents, agitators, "Liberal" writers, sociologists, economists, professors, and other such soapbox entrepreneurs who preach the doctrine that, if the sharecropper is not exactly nature's No. 1 peer, he is at least the most forgotten of all Forgotten Men. But will this doctrine stand the test of unbiased scrutiny? Is the Southern sharecropper actually a victim of brutal oppression, or is he merely the innocent medium through which the Radical forces seek to canalize maudlin political sentiment?

As a cotton-grower for more than twenty years, managing at present thirty-three sharecropper families in my farming operations, I believe that if I placed 100 sharecroppers on my right and 100 landlords on my left, and totaled the dishonesty and amorality in each group, the sums to the right and left would be virtually the same. Possibly one exception should be interposed: namely, that since the

landlords will rank higher in intelligence than the tenants, it follows that they may practice more honesty in their business relationships, because experience has taught them that honesty pays, aside from any abstract principle involved.

Of the thirty-three sharecropper families working my lands this year, eleven are white and twenty-two are negro. In the years I have been growing cotton, I have had as high as fifty per cent white families; but in recent times, particularly since the Depression, the tendency in my section of the South has been for white sharecroppers to decrease, while negro families have increased correspondingly. This I ascribe in considerable measure to the Relief agencies, which quite naturally have discerned the greatest need for the dole in the areas where the chance for harvesting votes is best. Since the rural Southern negro does not vote, the greater portion of Relief and Resettlement funds has gone to white families. Many of these white sharecroppers have drifted away from the farms and toward the towns, to be nearer the source of Relief, and their places have been filled by negro families.

As for the relationship existing between landlord and sharecropper, I do not propose to picture it

as ideal. There are good sharecroppers and bad, good landlords and bad, just as there are good and bad employers and good and bad employees in every industry in America. What I do wish to emphasize, however, is that the average landlord (perhaps the majority of landlords) feels a definite responsibility for the welfare of his tenants. Self-interest, if no other motive, demands it. This responsibility exacts of the landowner adequate housing for the tenant, food and clothing, medical attention, schooling for the children, and a place of public worship. Above all, it imposes on the landlord the oftentimes very difficult burden of seeing that each year the tenant makes a reasonable profit on his work. When cotton is five cents a pound, this is a practical impossibility, as will be attested by thousands of landlords who wrote off millions of dollars in sharecroppers' accounts during the Depression. In fact, from 1929 to 1934, I myself had the dubious pleasure of writing off some \$6000. When a tenant's financial situation appeared hopeless, I explained to him the facts, and told him he was free to go or remain. Some elected to go, and with them went any possibility of collecting what they owed, for court judgments against share-

croppers are worthless. For those tenants who chose to remain—and the majority of the families now with me were among these—I have a profound respect: they possessed the courage to help me conquer a situation that then appeared almost hopeless. I need no Uplifter, no messiah of the Left-wing, to remind me of my obligations to tenants of this type.

II

Let me undertake briefly to sketch the Southern white sharecropper—his physical appearance and characteristics, the house he lives in, his health, his food, his social life.

In physical appearance, he is not markedly different from the small landowning farmer. Perhaps somewhat taller and thinner than men of the same age in cooler climates, he will average better than five feet ten in height, and 150 to 170 pounds in weight. Blonds and blue eyes predominate. Overalls and shirts, with work shoes, constitute the every-day garb; often a clean shirt and overalls are the only change for Sundays. In personal habits, he is rather cleanly; and the same is true of his wife and children, and of his wife's housekeeping. Bare as many tenant houses

are, and meager of furnishings, four out of five are neat inside, often with brilliant flower beds about the doorway.

The house varies from three to five rooms, depending upon the size of the family. It is a poor house, true, but commensurate with the tenant's and the landowner's low incomes. Virtually always constructed of timber, usually only two or three of the front rooms are ceilinged. Open fireplaces are used for warmth, but heaters are becoming more popular, because of fuel economy. Many tenant houses fell into poor condition during the Depression, along with the landowner's purse, and in most cases incomes have not yet risen to a point that enables the owners to spend money on repairs.

The average one-mule tenant will work twenty-five acres, of which probably fifteen acres will be in cotton, eight in corn for feed and bread, and two acres in truck crops, including sugar cane or sorghum for syrup. From his cotton, he will likely pick six or seven bales. This, at ten cents a pound, or \$50 a bale, will produce a total of \$300 to \$350. Half of this goes to the landowner, leaving a cash return to the tenant of from \$150 to \$175. This seems pitifully small, and is actually not sufficient for a

decent standard of living; but there are other items of income. From his half of the eight acres in corn he will raise enough grain for bread (corn meal is a staple article of diet in the South) and to fatten hogs for meat and lard. From his truck patches, he will procure fresh vegetables from March until November, and a surplus to can for Winter use. From his sweet-potato patch he will store his bins, and from sugar cane he will procure syrup to last until the next Summer. Generally he has chickens, for eggs and for the table, and one or two milk cows. Pasturage for his cows, hogs, and chickens is free, as are all the products of his garden and truck patches. He has no rent to pay, a well for water is maintained for him, fuel is free, with a team to haul it. The landlord sees that he has medical attention, charging this to his account. All these items have a gross value of from \$300 to \$500 a year, depending upon the worker's efforts. Added to the value of his cotton, then, the average tenant has an annual income of \$400 to \$600 a year. But he also has security against want — food, fuel, and shelter. He has the steady job his city cousin is always seeking. And, above all, he works on an average *not more than 150 days a year*.

As an example of how the tenant's income may be bettered, my best one-mule farmer in 1936, with cotton averaging 12½ cents a pound, received \$747.09 for his half of the crop. This sum was earned by a family of four, on about twenty-five acres. In addition, he had corn, potatoes, syrup, chickens, milk, hogs, and truck patches, bringing his gross income well above \$1000 for the year. My next best one-mule man received \$690.81 from his cotton. This, with other items, brought his gross income to nearly \$1000. I cite these instances to show that it is possible for the sharecropper to rise far above the average in yields and cash returns, to a point where his share of material things is in line with equally intelligent workers in other occupations.

Malaria is the most frequent cause of illness among white sharecroppers, though this is less prevalent than a few years ago as most tenant houses are now screened against mosquitoes and flies. Typhoid is practically unknown today, whereas twenty-five years ago it was common. Pulmonary and other diseases induced presumably by malnutrition are not, I believe, any more frequent among sharecroppers than other classes. Among white farm tenants, the incidence

of venereal disease is below the average for the country. Among negro tenants, however, gonorrhea and syphilis are all too common, though probably less so than among negroes of the cities. Nearly all sharecropper families have bad teeth, and adenoids and bad tonsils are common among the children.

The sharecropper family, white or black, usually begins the day with a breakfast of hot biscuits, syrup, and coffee. There may also be oatmeal, milk, and butter. For the noon meal, there will usually be hog meat, either fresh or cured, corn bread, one or two vegetables, either fresh or home-canned, syrup or home-canned fruit, milk for the children, and coffee. Supper will be similar to the noon meal. The negro sharecropper seems to care less for and to pay less attention to a balanced diet than the whites. Physically, also, he and his family are less cleanly, in their persons and about their houses.

In their social relationships and activities is seen the greatest difference between white and negro sharecroppers. A born "j'iner", the negro joins the church, the lodge, the "burying society". Religion is a part of his life, and church on Sunday is a big social event. At the annual church festivals, thousands of negroes gather, dozens of re-

freshment stands are in operation, second-hand cars raise clouds of dust, sweat streaks the black dam-sels' rouge-smear'd cheeks, and a good time is had by all.

The white sharecropper is rather unsocial and irreligious. Of those that I know, less than half belong to any church, and few of them join lodges or societies. Generally suspicious of anything new or out of the ordinary, they are slow to adopt new ways. Essentially childish in his mental processes and relationships, the average sharecropper definitely prefers to stand in a dependent relationship to some one he can rely upon in time of trouble. If too much corn liquor lands him in jail, he wants a Boss who can get him out; if his philanderings lead him into shooting scrapes, he hopes for a persuasive landlord who can help him tell the court that human flesh is weak; if in his ramblings he picks up gonorrhea or syphilis, he derives comfort from the thought that he has a "Cap'n" who will get the doctor to give him the necessary "shots". True, this is the old-fashioned feudal relationship; but it is also true that it is the only workable relationship possible, so long as we have landlords and sharecroppers.

Where there have been share-

cropper troubles, it has seemed to me these have occurred mainly in areas invaded by drifters—families who have moved from other sections, often because of reputations for laziness and turbulence. The drifting sharecropper is always undesirable. Good tenants usually try to find a good landlord, and when they do, they remain with him year after year. Among the drifters, the Uplift Messiahs find fertile ground for discord. Sometimes I wish that some of the Reformers had \$50,000 each of hard-earned money to invest in a plantation, manned with drifter sharecroppers. If they didn't lose their shirts inside of two years, then I would consider joining up with all the theorists of the New Deal, including Madame Perkins.

The truth is that landlords compete with each other for the services of tenants, just as other industries compete for the most efficient workers; and the plantations with reputations for high yields and fair-dealing invariably procure the best. Landlords as a class are not so foolish as to be unaware of this plain truth, and they jealously guard their reputations. Indeed, I even deny the existence of a "Sharecropper Problem", considering the Cotton Belt as a whole. There are of course thousands of

individual problems between individual landowners and individual tenants; but each problem, and the factors involved, may be different from the others, and can be solved only with this truth in mind. Admittedly we have a serious problem of low agricultural earnings in the South, the answer to which supposedly implies placing each tenant on a plane of higher living and intelligence. But this is the problem of the whole South, rather than merely a sharecropper problem. It is the stone wall against which the old Farm Board beat its head in vain; that the Triple A, the Bankhead Law, and the Soil Conservation Act have tried vainly to solve. And now, Congress and the Uplifters are devising new measures, destined no doubt to be equally futile.

For the so-called Sharecropper Problem I have a personal solution—the old, individualistic one of forever fighting to be a better-than-average man in my line, and to have on my lands, which I strive to make better and more productive than average lands, better-than-average tenants. Combine a high-class landlord, a first-rate tenant, and highly productive soil, and we get high yields and above-the-average profits.

But we are told this remedy is

not applicable to the great mass of workers. Certainly not, for whatever the average, there must always be many below it as well as above. With this fact in mind, I am forced to believe there is not now, or ever will be, any lasting solution, except for the individual through his own effort. A selfish, anti-social attitude, it may be argued; but the reply is that individualism made America, just as the lack of it is now unmaking us.

III

What I have said in reference to my personal experiences and relations with tenants, white and black, is the rule in this territory and not the exception. What I have said also applies in the cotton-raising Louisiana Delta, where, with negro sharecroppers, I have operated for ten years; and on the South Plains of west Texas, where I have shared lands with tenants since 1926. In none of these areas have I ever known a sharecropper to be held on a plantation against his will, because of debts or for any other reason. It simply is not done. Possibly elsewhere; but certainly not in the sections of Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas with which I am familiar. On the contrary, I

have known of many cases in which sharecroppers have deliberately moved away, owing large unpaid accounts. Thousands of landowners had this unhappy experience during the Depression, and it, along with five-cent cotton, put them flat on their financial backs — a position from which many have not yet recovered.

Almost every day, in reports and speeches by Resettlement workers, we note the statement that “the sharecropper is denied an economic opportunity” under the present system. I challenge this statement. I know tenants who have become landowners; I know landowners who have become tenants. As a rule, it depends upon the man himself. If he wants land badly enough, and is willing to work hard and practice self-denial, he soon becomes a landowner.

Living for the moment, however — coupled with an amazing disinclination to practice self-denial — is an outstanding attribute of the average sharecropper. There are exceptions, of course; but the rule holds. Witness the enormous sharecropper demand for new and second-hand cars in any year of good cotton crops and prices. We have all seen sharecroppers in good years clear enough cash to buy forty acres of land; but mostly we have

seen the money go for an automobile or other non-essentials. I smile when I think of a thirty-year-old white sharecropper on my land who has rigged on his second-hand Ford what he calls his "five-mile whistle". Somehow he has connected the horn with the exhaust, and the result is a tremendous bellying which pleases him immensely. Obviously, this outfit is far more soul-satisfying than would be the ownership of forty acres.

Although I am stating facts, I do not condemn the sharecropper for his attitude toward land ownership. Perhaps, after all, he is wiser than we who burden ourselves with farms, factories, taxes, debts, interest, and all the concomitant worries. Certainly he is far happier. In fact, if complete happiness, rather than human striving and progress, is the chief end of life, we need look no farther; for on this earth I know of no happier human being than a Negro sharecropper in a shiny new automobile. True, before Spring his money is probably gone and the car "repossessed"; but while he rode and tooted his horn to clear the way of lesser mortals, he lived as it is given to few of us to live.

The picture of a rural South dot-

ted with small farms operated by the owners—all educated, prosperous, and happy—is a pretty one. But it will not work out. The majority of sharecroppers do not want lands and the responsibilities that go with ownership. In the areas where I have a close knowledge of conditions, the larger holdings are almost invariably better farmed and managed than the small ones. Within a few miles of my home there are owner-operated farms which are badly worn and eroded, buildings and fences are dilapidated, debts are high, and the occupants are plainly headed toward a sharecropper status.

Human nature does not change rapidly; and I do not expect to see the Resettlement Administration or any other New Deal agency convert a considerable number of tenants into owners. Most tenants do not want land; and for the small percentage who do have the hunger, there has always been opportunity. In most cases, the landlord-sharecropper relationship is not an unfair or unhappy one. I do not say it cannot be improved in many cases; but I do say that no progress in this direction will ever be made by or through the untruths of Left-wing agitators and Uplifters.

GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL

BY DESMOND HOLDRIDGE

TO ME, one of the most disquieting signs of the times among a surprising number of people is their almost morbid interest in remote islands, isolated mountain valleys, and unsuspected sea coasts as future places of abode. It is altogether too much like a feverish preoccupation with the lifeboats on the part of a super-liner's passengers.

The escape dream is always the same, whether it be that of a taxi-driver or an investment banker. Somewhere in the world there must be a place — a tropical island, probably — where a man and his wife and family can live in peace on a small income; where the ground will bring forth and the sea will give; where you will not be murdered or asked to murder in the name of a slightly insane ideal; where you will need so little for a modest existence that it will be unnecessary to rob, cadge, or exploit; where, in short, you can be a genuine human being. But as one who has undertaken considerable research in escape geogra-

phy, I regret to report that there is no such place.

Nevertheless, in translating a vision to reality, there is always a set of compromises to be made and, should you be willing and able to make them, there are accessible places that approach the dream. You must realize at once that those places where the writ of the modern industrial world does not apply will probably have highly undesirable populations; people who do not understand carburetors sometimes tend to be cannibals. You must realize that uninhabited islands are rarely habitable. And you must realize that places that can support human beings usually have more human beings than they can support.

The partial exceptions to these general rules are all in the tropics. For an American, the West Indies are the closest and most desirable, the ideal being to get far away in time and thought, but close at hand in terms of miles. Since I am most familiar with islands, the Virgin Islands in particular, we can best

examine conditions there and with these data compare them to other places.

In many respects, the British Virgin Islands are ideal. In the opinion of experienced inhabitants, the main island has only a moderate amount of government. It boasts a church or two; its people are peasants rather than peons; you can walk the length of it in one day; and it has no newspapers. My wife and I lived nearly two years on one of the nearby American Virgin Islands, and we were the only white people on the north shore — two of the five whites among 700 unobtrusive black folk. It was a magnificent two years and we probably would be there yet were the island not within the New Deal zone of Uplift: the inevitable exploitation of its lonely beauty was already under way when we left. The British Virgin Islands offer every advantage that St. John did, plus a decent assurance that the status quo is likely to last a thousand years.

These islands are made to order for the person who longs to Get Away From It All, but who has only moderate means with which to finance his Escape. Let us imagine that you have either enough money to last a year, or an assured small income, or some sort of craft

that can be practiced anywhere. You have provided yourself with attractive feminine companionship in the shape of a wife; and your next principal consideration is the precise amount necessary for, let us say, a one-year escape.

To begin with, there is passage for two from New York to St. Thomas. This, on a regular passenger vessel, will be about \$80 per person, plus about \$12 for tips, plus a few dollars for modest activities at the bar. Landing in St. Thomas, you take a taxi to the Grand Hotel and pay from fifty cents to a dollar, according to the amount of baggage. (Incidentally, if you are the right sort for the job in hand, your baggage is light and includes three times as many pounds of books as clothes.) Count on spending at least four days at this hotel and on paying \$3 a day per person for your room and good meals. Count also on spending a sum equal to half your hotel bill on conviviality encountered in quest of information. Then the Tortola mail boat *Lady Florence* will arrive and you will walk to the pier, only a block away. Your baggage will be put aboard for about sixty cents. The fare to Tortola, principal one of the British Virgin Islands, is \$1.50 per person, and the voyage takes about three hours.

Arrived in Road Town, the only municipality on Tortola or any of the islands, you may possibly stay at the Social Inn for \$1.50 a day per person, including meals. Or perhaps they can put you up at the Rectory, or one of the better negro families will move out and rent you their house. Or maybe the Quarantine Station will be empty. In any case, count on \$1.50 a day per person for two weeks, plus the cost of your vices. Liquor and tobacco, however, are sensationally cheap.

Now hire two horses and ride about the island. The horses will probably cost \$4 a day each; later you will find you can buy one for less than a week's hire, but you must expect to be bled a little at first. Ride east to Fat Hog Bay and west to the West End. Somewhere you are certain to find a neat, plain cottage that is owned by a negro family. They will be glad to rent; \$15 a month is high, and should include simple furnishings. Assuming that it takes you two weeks to make arrangements and that you have used the horses four days, you should, at this point, discover that it has cost a shade less than \$400 to establish yourself.

Henceforth, it will be possible for you to live for about \$50 a month. But do not deceive yourselves; a couple that tries to get along on this

sum is going to exist — that is all. There will be shelter, and an adequate diet, and nothing else. You will do your own laundry and cooking, and by so doing earn the resentment of the natives who feel they should be allowed to take care of these matters. (The resentment will promptly appear on the vegetable bill.) Your only recreations will be swimming and walking; no new books; no magazines unless you arranged for them before you left. But if you can raise your outlay to \$75 or \$80 a month, you will live quite pleasantly. You will be able to afford \$8 a month for a combined cook, laundress, and maid, whose family, for about \$2 a month in tips, will do what she cannot. You will be able to afford a new book every few weeks, a magazine subscription or two, and a newspaper if you want one. You will be able to have a sensible amount of liquor and tobacco. You will also be able to entertain occasionally in the modest fashion of the outer islands.

So totaling these items, we find that one year's escape to the tropics — for two — will cost some \$1200. My wife and I got along on rather less than this, but we eliminated some desirable items. Perhaps a one-month's expense account which we kept during 1935 in St. John, Amer-

ican Virgin Islands, will be a useful guide in constructing a budget. Prices have not changed greatly since, but to be safe, add ten per cent to the following sums.

From St. Thomas

3 cans mushroom soup	\$.45
6 cans tomato soup	.84
1 can Klim (large)	1.50
½ lb. American cheese	.15
1 can black pepper	.08
4 cans assorted soups	.36
2 cans butter (1 lb. ea.)	1.20
Cloves	.05
1 Shredded Wheat	.25
1 Corn Flakes	.16
1 can pure lard (5 lbs.)	1.00
2 cans cocoa	.30
4 lbs. macaroni	.60
1 jar mayonnaise (small)	.18
2 bottles ketchup	.30
5 lbs. rice	.25
5 lbs. granulated sugar	.15
10 lbs. wheat flour	.35
5 lbs. corn meal	.20
2 pkgs. bran	.40
12 Octagon soap	.60
12 cans evap. milk	1.10
15 lbs. potatoes	.38
10 lbs. onions	.70
1 box raisins	.12
1 jar peanut butter	.25
1 can peach jam	.27
2 cans apricots (large)	.58
2 cans peaches (large)	.48
1 pkg. corn starch	.05
12 oranges	.20
2 lbs. split peas	.20
2 lbs. white beans	.14
2 lbs. garabanzos	.26
2 cans corned beef	.24
6 cans tomatoes	.45
6 cans pork and beans (small)	.33
1 cake yeast (large)	.40
1 bottle stuffed olives	.28
2 lbs. black tea	.50

1 box salt	.14
1 can coffee	.45
1 can Quaker Oats	.25
3 cans sweet corn	.54
1 can oleomargarine (5 lbs.)	.75
1 can kerosene (5 gal.)	1.00
1 can clam chowder	.12
3 cans lima beans	.48
1 can red salmon	.25
1 can tuna fish	.20
4 grapefruit	.12
2 cabbages	.30
3 lbs. fresh tomatoes	.18

Total \$21.08

From St. John

6 doz. eggs @ .36	\$2.16
15 "straps" of fish @ .10	1.50
Miscellaneous vegetables and meat	5.00

Total	\$8.66
From St. Thomas	\$21.08
From St. John	8.66

Total groceries for month.....\$29.74

Sport, Vice, and Transportation

Rum (\$2.50 a demijohn), tobacco, cigarettes (.65 a carton)	\$10.00
Transportation on sloops	8.00
Rent for two horses	6.00

Total \$24.00

The Servant Problem

Agnes (cook and laundress)	\$8.00
To Agnes' family for sundry minor services	6.00

Total \$14.00

Grand Total

Groceries	\$29.74
Sport, etc.	24.00
Servants	14.00
Rent	10.00
Grand Total	\$77.74

Where you will get the money from is very much your own concern, but it may be said at once that you will be unable to earn a living from the islands. The natives barely manage to live from their farms, and at a level few white people would care to adopt; your object in going to the islands should be to make life better, not worse. You will discover that it is all but impossible to escape the economic shackles worn by all men; if you succeed in throwing away those of the machine economy it will only be to gain the more painful ones of a primitive set-up. Your cold-blooded objective should be to cheat the machine economy, to abstract from it its best points and to throw back its worst. Yet you must not be surprised if this procedure makes you enemies. In effect, you declare yourself for liberty rather than economic security accompanied by serfdom, and nothing so confounds the political frauds of our day as a free man who prefers his freedom to even the most comfortable kind of State wet-nursing.

II

So far, I have discussed the Virgin Islands only; but there are other places where much the same conditions obtain. Dominica, a hun-

dred-odd miles to the southeast, is more beautiful, about as cheap, and inhabited by less pleasant natives. But to my mind the marvelous beauty of the spot, with great green mornes rising steeply from the sea and ferns so big they must be the biggest in the world, outweighs this last consideration. There is a little town, Roseau, as dilapidated as Road Town; but it offers steamer and plane service.

St. Vincent is similar, and Tobago is a pearl of a place, though slightly more expensive than the Virgin Islands. It is larger than an island should be, but the woods and savannahs and beaches make up for that. There is a town of some size — Scarborough — and a little steamer runs to Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, where there is plane and ship service to the rest of the world.

The north coast of South America is a trifle too strenuous; Venezuela has lived under a dictatorship so long that it has not yet recovered from the Tyrant's death, and Colombia is bustling and commercial. But just north of Panama is Costa Rica, unique in Hispanic-America in that it is a *de facto* democracy as well as a paper one. The people are mostly white, they have a better literacy rate than the United States, freedom of speech and press are complete, and the country is bro-

ken up into small estates. Five hundred *colones*—about \$100 a month—will keep a couple very well in a pleasant land where you can choose your climate and where modest farming will yield a modest income, should you decide to stay. Also, competent observers are agreed that some of the most beautiful women in the world are *Costa-ricenas*.

These, then, are what seem to me the principal possibilities for those who are sufficiently individualistic to make sacrifices for a certain freedom of action and liberty from social pressure. I repeat, and cannot be too emphatic, that you will not escape your world; that if you try, you will soon find it has many excellent things no sane man would want to escape. Your hope must be to live in the economic suburbs of our civilization, striving to weld our best to the best of the Old World.

If it is a question of spending your savings simply to have such a year, I can only say that if the feeling is strong enough, by all means do it; you may lose some material advantages, but you will gain a perspective that will improve the flavor of life thenceforward. If it is a matter of using a tiny income, such as a pension or a small annuity, I heartily recommend the move. If

you hope to earn your living by some business conducted on the spot, consider me very pessimistic; possibly you will be successful, but I doubt it. A young bachelor should not think of doing it; he will be lonely and dissolute or miserable—possibly both—for these places already have too many extra men, excepting, of course, Costa Rica. On the other hand, a young unmarried woman, even a rather plain and homely one, will find herself popular and sought after, for there are not enough such to go around.

If you undertake this venture, your best friends and worst enemies will accuse you of all sorts of fantastic offenses against society. Most of them believe you will “go soft”, that you will engage in unusual tropical vices, that you should better stay home and go to the office at nine o’clock and return at five. Some acquaintance is certain to describe you as “running away from the business of life”, because his limited viewpoint cannot conceive any other manner of life than his own dreary one. But if the Islands are going to agree with you, your reaction to criticism will be seventy-five per cent amusement, ten per cent annoyance, and the rest pity. Also, you will make more friends than you lose.

FIVE WIVES

BY RUTH PURDY

I. The Domestic Wife

SHE had been a pretty girl, tender, unawakened.
He envisaged their life together
One long, sweet, peaceful dream.
He never suspected he was marrying an incubator.
But immediately their house was full of children
With sinuses for brains,
Who swarmed with sticky fingers upon the tea table,
Left broken toys with wheels on dark stair-landings,
Ruined Silence with a thousand noisy dissensions.
If she had had them all at once
He could have charged admission.
Instead he has to toil on the treadmill, double-quick and overtime,
So that he can buy carrots by the carload, a mill output of diapers,
And have the house piped for cod-liver oil.
An unwilling Gulliver in Lilliputia!
Once he had thought he would die happy if he could leave behind him
One great picture, a single perfect poem;
But Fate made him a Wholesaler.

II. The Rich Wife

THE gold he married was in the bank, not in her hair.
There was no grace in her walk,
But her father's private car on the New Haven
Traveled with infinite distinction.
After the Depression he felt like a character from Poe —
The one who slept with a corpse.
Spending money was in the curriculum at her finishing school
Along with tap-dancing and horsemanship.

She is still in the saddle, wielding the whip,
 While he gallops wearily for the hurdles.
 But his heart is not in jumping
 Now that the oats are gone.
 She does her share, she tells him,
 Taking a taxi across town to a less expensive store.
 But to her poverty means having to order chicken *à la King*
 Instead of lobster *Thermidor* in the Rainbow Room.
 He sometimes believes it would be cheaper to be rich.
 He has a job now, but what puzzles him
 Is how she can still wear the pants in the family
 After she has lost her shirt.

III. *The Loving Wife*

S_{HE} began wrong,
 Telling him he was wonderful over and over —
 As when a phonograph needle gets caught in a groove —
 Till he believed it, and didn't remember
 Who had put on the record.
 Now Reno seems no farther away
 Than the distance between their twin beds.
 He still has sleek hair, a virile figure, a roving eye,
 And despises the foolish pounds she put on
 Preparing and nervously tasting his favorite dishes.
 "No woman has a sense of humor," is one of his pet theories,
 But you ought to hear him laugh when he says at a party,
 "That's no lady — that's my wife."
 She wishes she were numb as well as dumb.
 He is what is known as a good provider,
 But there are no daffodils in his budget.
 Married couples often resemble each other,
 But it is she who looks like him.
 So does the dog.

IV. *The Public Wife*

G_{OD} thought He had made Woman for a special purpose,
 But she vetoed it, in her official capacity.

Why subordinate the creative, she thought,
 To the procreative?
 So she gets up petitions, sits on platforms,
 Champions the underprivileged, sponsors new legislation,
 Interested in each amendment, every bill but the one she married.
 That modern Mr. Jellaby lives in rubber-soled anonymity
 In a house like a hotel (but no Gideon Bible),
 While maids come and go, cabbage succeeds Brussels sprouts,
 And the buttons on his coat drop from rotting threads.
 Whenever she sees that sign in a department store,
 "Have you forgotten anything?"
 It reminds her of her umbrella — and her husband.
 But some time, when she is attending a three-day convention,
 He will get *his* name in the paper —
 In the Obituary Column.

V. *The Old Wife*

A CRADLE-ROBBER, her friends called her when she married.
 She only laughed then.
 But the restless nights of a mother-of-twins seem inglorious
 In comparison with her responsibilities;
 For the vagaries of a young husband
 Are more alarming than the croup.
 She has to be always on guard, wary, unsleeping,
 As long as there is a blonde on Broadway or a stenographer under forty.
 There is no malady so painful as Suspicion.
 They neither operate for it nor give opiates.
 It is incurable, but unfortunately it is not fatal.
 But it is not less real to the sufferer
 For not being admitted as evidence in court.
 Her imagination is stronger than her legs.
 She tries to substitute waxing cosmetics for waning youth,
 Flogging flagging flesh,
 But arthritis is a grim partner on the golf links.
 She sometimes feels she would exchange all the romance in the world
 For a hot water bottle.

TO HELL WITH AMERICA!

BY AN ENGLISHMAN

EVERY now and then in the round of my daily life in London, I pause to ponder the immense implications of what propagandists, on both sides of the Atlantic, yearningly refer to as an "English-speaking union". That is, a union of those persons who by birth, breeding, and tradition, stand best-equipped (or so they conceive) to carry the torch of civilization around the earth. To be more precise, a union of the British Empire and the United States.

Now it is a glorious idea, this blending of nations, and one which should stir warm tides of emotion. But as I ponder it, grave doubts assail me. On certain days — today is such a one — the doubts settle into convictions. Do I, an Englishman, want my destiny entwined with that of my "cousins" across the sea? Would the British Empire derive any profits — social, economic, or political — from an alliance, however tenuous, with the United States? Considering the evidence available, my answer to both questions is an emphatic

"No!" I am not concerned with the merits of America, its people, its institutions, or its culture. Nor am I to the slightest degree interested in pursuing investigations along such lines. From the bottom of my heart, and with the utmost sincerity, I can summate my thoughts as follows: To hell with America!

Such unusual emphasis is not the result of bitter thinking or hasty judgment; on the contrary, it is a belief which has been hardening in my mind for upwards of twenty-five years. It is based not a little on personal observations of America, combined with judicious reading of your books and periodicals. It is amenable neither to persuasion nor propaganda. And it is representative, I am confident, of the attitude of thousands, perhaps millions, of my fellow countrymen. That this statement will come as news to an equal number of Americans I have no doubt; for they have long been conditioned to think otherwise. But it remains a fact nevertheless.

At the bottom of the matter, I be-

lieve, is a neurosis sired of American parentage many years ago; one which has been nurtured to the present day in ever-growing solicitude, and which has been spread to every corner of the earth by Yankee entrepreneurs. It is, in brief, that all Englishmen are perfidious, and that therefore any word, deed, or thought stemming from a citizen of the Empire is *ipso facto* an evil of the highest degree. Just why this conviction has become so entrenched I do not know; yet I hazard that it was born of Yankee resentment or jealousy, or both. By resentment, I refer to certain baneful emotions arising from Colonial grievances with the Mother Country in the eighteenth century and the Revolutionary War which followed; and by jealousy, I refer to that dormant sentiment which stirs in American breasts when it is remarked that Britain, through periods of stress and strain, sails on a more or less even keel and fails to give way before the winds of national hysteria. This latter British characteristic is likely the real seat of contention; for I am convinced, from personal observations of Americans in their habitat, that they tend inherently toward law and order. When they fail to enjoy such stability at home, they are inclined to look elsewhere.

And when they discern law and order in the British Empire, the discovery stirs a latent jealousy, which in turn becomes an itching suspicion, which in turn becomes dislike, to varying degrees.

At the same time, the Englishman has grown pretty well inured to this Yankee attitude of hostility. For some fifty years, he has had it tossed in his face almost daily, and in very recent times, he finds it tincturing his newspapers, his books, his radio programs, and his political dispensations. No matter what we Britons, as a nation, propose to do in the arena of world affairs, it is labeled at once, either in Washington or New York or Chicago or San Francisco, as a perfidious plot. No matter what steps are taken to consolidate our Empire, improve our trade, bolster our economics, strengthen our defenses, or even to perpetuate our Crown, an American is at hand to disclose to the world that England is really conspiring to cheat someone. Indeed, I find it difficult to recall any important British action of the past twenty-five years—including the Great War—which was not smeared with a coat of American tar and feathers. The obvious moral preached here is that we English are either the most diabolical of all people, or the most

wily, or a combination of both. But as an Englishman born and bred, I deny the imputation. We are not always diabolical or wily; alas, if we were, we would still own the American Colonies.

Considering, then, this condition of international dislike, it is most singular that the Englishman in his turn does not look upon his American cousins with equal suspicion. Yet how can I, or any of my compatriots, consider the United States with suspicion? With amusement, yes; but not, by any means, suspicion. For of all the ludicrous races now tenanted the planet, the American ranks first in my calculations. Not diabolical or clever — rather, stupid and gullible. Not hardy and forthright, as the history books have it, but soft and bewildered. Not pioneers and experimenters, as my Manchester pedagogues once told me, but land-grabbers and imitators. If I am misinformed, please correct me. Yet how can you, considering the present sorry state of your Union?

In this sense, I dare say I derive a certain diabolical (and therefore British) glee from contemplating your current predicament. If I did not, I would not be human, for we on our side of the Atlantic have had to meet many disappointments, alarums, and setbacks since

August, 1914. But each night, as I lie abed after a hard day's work, pondering current business conditions and where the next honest shilling may be turned, I murmur to myself with utmost fervor: Thank God, I'm not an American! For although we English have embarked on a long voyage through economic and political seas, with our destination not yet in sight, at least we know where we're going, and we have undivided confidence in our captain and his crew.

As an average Englishman, neither downtrodden nor exalted, rich nor poor, I own a pleasurable confidence in my Government. I am happy to know that our budget is balanced, and will likely continue so. I do not begrudge the heavy taxes I pay, because I believe they will be spent on legitimate expenses, legitimately arrived at. I am not concerned with making a choice of Rulers every four years, because I am quite content with the one we have. Both houses of my Parliament, I am satisfied, are manned by legislators as competent as any available, considering the fallibilities of the human race. I am not constantly reminded, by my family, my friends, my business acquaintances, that the national debt is £8,000,000,000 (\$40,000,000,000) and rising daily. The

terms WPA, SEC, NLRB, CIO, and such do not occupy my attention to the exclusion of other human endeavors, and rightly so, for bracketing the alphabet will not solve a single one of our national problems. I do not believe with holy faith that the City (Wall Street) owns the Empire in bondage and the serfs therein. And to date, we have not been harassed by kidnapers, sit-down strikes, bank robberies, gangster-rule, radio sponsors, Farleyism, 25,000,000 motor cars, Prohibition, chain-picketing, White House trade endorsements, Hollywood, blended whiskey, "amateur" sports, food racketeers, Senator Borah, the Dust Bowl, 10,000,000 unemployed, stock-market crashes, Elsa Maxwell, the "Good Neighbor" policy, Supreme Court packing, Radical "Defense Committees", tourist trailer-camps, the "Youth" movement, Labor's Non-Partisan (?) League, veterans' bonuses, Mayor LaGuardia, shorts for women, public relations counsels, Upton Sinclair, yogi-ism, May Day parades, taxi strikes, cotton and pig control, the Solid South, proletarian novels, Congressional investigations, Madame Perkins, the Hearst newspapers, the Rosicrucians, sports writers, bank nites, the Liberty League, Felix Frankfurter, organized paci-

fism, the Brain Trust, Earl Browder, and Tom Mooney.

True, we have countless public nuisances of our own, but none, I submit, to equal any of the above. In short, we have not got a New Deal. And for this, I thank God again.

II

By now I trust you have a glimmering of why we English are not prepared to rush headlong into a fraternal embrace with the Greatest Country on Earth. But there are certain other points bearing on the unfeasibility — from Britain's point of view — of an English-speaking union. For example, let me cite your esteemed magazine. In a recent issue, Mr. Albert Jay Nock observed as follows:

Ever since Columbus' time, all transatlantic nations alike have regarded America as a milch cow for Europe, and they still so regard it. . . . England is exceptional only in possessing certain natural advantages for dealing with it. . . .

I have no quarrel with Mr. Nock's thesis; indeed, as I have pointed out previously, America is undoubtedly populated with gullible and toothsome suckers. But to assume from this fact that England, in order to exploit the suckers, is willing, nay anxious, to form

some sort of alliance with the present Administration in Washington, is preposterous. When you obtain milk from a dairy, is it necessary to stable the cows in your home? Not at all. On the contrary, your life is much more pleasant and untroubled when the dairy is not only out of sight of your residence, but out of smell. In the case under discussion, a distance of some 3000 miles conveniently separates our two shores. Is there any reason for Britons to reduce this exceedingly desirable minimum by diplomatic entanglements?

Once more, Mr. Nock — in striving to prove that it is the aim and goal of the Empire to seduce America into intimate embrace — remarks that “every Briton, be he baron or bum, comes into the world believing that the Englishman, wherever placed and in whatever circumstances, has a natural right to rule. He also believes that the Empire is the flywheel of civilization, and that if it should crack up, a ruined world would lapse back into the arms of Chaos and Old Night”.

Now this commentary, coming from a distinguished American and one gifted with facile expression, should carry a certain weight; but to me, an Englishman, neither baron nor bum, it is an invitation

to laughter. For indeed, of the many races now disseminating nationalistic dogma throughout the world, none is more imbued with the Right-to-Rule than the American. As witness, I suggest you refer, commencing as recently as 1898, to Yankee determination to rule the West Indies, via intervention in Cuba. And how about America’s puritanical bid to Russia and Japan to settle their differences in 1905? From the Treaty of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, negotiated by Roosevelt I, grew much of today’s flaming discontent in the Far East. And what of Woodrow Wilson, and the Fourteen Points, and the League of Nations, all designed to prove beyond doubt that America, and no other nation, possessed the God-given wisdom to settle the affairs of the human race? And what of the Naval Disarmament treaties, the Kellogg Peace Pact, the Nine-Power Pact? And, finally, what of the “Good Neighbor” policy? Surely England, in the long and turbulent years of her diplomatic history, has never posed as such a sanctimonious reformer before the bar of public opinion. . . . No, my Yankee friends, whatever Empire we have, we hold, and we require no help from your professional Do-Gooders to manage the task.

As to the military advantages inhering to Britain under a union with the States, I hesitate to speak. Only the course of the next World War can determine the facts: it might be, as so many Americans suggest gloatingly, that the Empire will soon find herself in such a hole that only Yankee armed support can pull her out. I retain the privilege, however, of being skeptical. Recalling the Great War, I find no promise that in future, American help would be more prompt or more willing than in 1914-18. Obviously, a nation (the Greatest on Earth) which required twelve months to transport a combat force to France, could hardly be expected to offer practical help in the fast-moving wars of today. By the time your Congress finished with its amiable, aimless, and endless debates, Britain's fate would be sealed one way or the other.

Similar arguments come to mind when considering our participation with America in social, economic, or political reforms. In a social sense, I dare say the only result would be a further Americanization of England, which already, God help us, is burgeoning on every hand. The artistic value of the hot-dog stand, the esthetic tastes of Hollywood, and the put-them-on-the-spot traits of gangsterdom

would add little to our country's way of living. On the economic side, I can envisage only an attempt on the part of your Washington wizards to convert us to the American monetary policies, a congeries of financial imbecilities which even your gifted Secretary of the Treasury cannot transpose into the practical realms. And as for the benefits derived from a political affiliation with your Grand and Glorious Land, do you actually believe that any Englishman in his senses would care to exchange either political theories or political notables? Would I, under any circumstances, support an arrangement which might substitute Franklin D. Roosevelt, James A. Farley, and Harry Hopkins for King George VI, Anthony Eden, and Neville Chamberlain? Not on your life!

I have my grievances against British politicians — all my friends have likewise — but we are not anxious to see the principles of graft and boodle replace what you Yankees call "England's muddling through". You keep your Congress; we'll get along with Parliament. You can have your Brain Trust; we'll take No. 10 Downing Street. You can worship your Constitution (the Greatest Document on Earth); we will muddle along with *actual* law and order.

THE WART THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

BY GUY GILPATRIC

UPON a misty London night in the Spring of 1887, Dr. Morell Mackenzie was preparing for bed in his Harley Street home when he received an urgent summons from a most illustrious quarter. Although eminent in his profession and assured of a title in the forthcoming honors list of the Queen's Jubilee, the doctor felt no little gratification as he read this message, for it requested him to proceed post-haste to Berlin to attend His Imperial and Royal Highness, the Crown Prince Frederick of the German Empire and Prussia. An eager thumbing of Bradshaw showed that the last train had already left Victoria Station, so sending his man off in a hansom to book places on the morning Dover Express, Dr. Mackenzie retired to the sleep of the just-about-to-make-five-hundred-guineas.

Two days later — May 20th — he arrived in Berlin and was driven to the Kronprinz Palace. He had scarcely had time to change his travelling tweeds for the more seemingly professional black when he

was waited upon by the *Hof-Marschall*, Count Radolinsky, and escorted to the Crown Prince's study. His Highness, a fine figure of a man, greeted him in cordial tones marred only by a certain hoarseness. Touching his throat apologetically, he complained that there was something — ahem. . . . Would the *Herr Doktor* have the goodness to look?

With an allusion to the ethical proprieties, Dr. Mackenzie suggested that the examination be deferred until he had discussed the case with the physicians already in attendance. Accordingly, he was ushered into an adjoining salon, around the table of which sat seven spectacled and duel-scarred gentlemen, some in uniform and some in broadcloth, who rose as one, clicked their heels, and bowed stiffly. The Englishman, who held his own dignity in adequate esteem, "felt surprised that among those with whom I was invited to take counsel there was not at least one of the leading German specialists in throat diseases".

After the introductions, Professor Karl Gerhardt, senior in the case, explained that in January the Crown Prince had suffered from what seemed to be a catarrhal inflammation of the larynx; this had not responded to treatment and subsequently a small growth had appeared on the left vocal cord. This growth had resisted electric cautery. Dr. Mackenzie was invited to examine it for himself and to state his opinion. Headed by Count Radolinsky, the eight learned gentlemen then filed into the Presence, and Dr. Mackenzie proceeded with his examination. He saw "a growth about the size of a split pea. . . . There was no trace of ulceration; it bore the look of a simple wart. . . . Except for the loss of his voice, the throat gave His Imperial Highness no trouble; there was no pain, no difficulty of breathing, no hindrance to swallowing".

Returned to the salon, Professors Gerhardt and Tobold expressed their opinions that the growth was cancerous and should be treated as such. Professor von Bergmann agreed. Dr. Mackenzie, however, dissented emphatically, holding that "there was nothing characteristic of cancer in the growth. . . . I pointed out that the opinion expressed by my colleagues had been

come to on what seemed to me to be insufficient grounds, and that they had omitted the most essential and most obvious means of arriving at a correct diagnosis". From a newly-arrived foreign doctor, this was pretty blunt talk. Dr. Mackenzie had been asked for his diagnosis; he had replied with gratuitous criticism. A bristling of mustaches greeted it.

"The essential and obvious means," Mackenzie went on to explain, "would be to snip off a portion of the growth and submit it to a pathologist for examination." Professors Gerhardt and Tobold both declining to perform this operation, he volunteered himself. Unfortunately, it developed that he had left his instruments in England, and while this may have clarified for the Germans the point of the plumber-and-his-tools joke which was even then appearing regularly in *Punch*, it could hardly have increased their professional respect for this visiting ornament of Harley Street. The consultation was adjourned until he could purchase a kit.

Unable to find forceps which suited him ("the principal surgical instrument-maker in Berlin had sold many of my own laryngeal forceps but did not happen to have any in stock"), he finally chose an

inferior instrument of French design. Early on the morning of May 21st, the doctors assembled at the palace, the Crown Prince was given a local anesthetic, and Mackenzie, at the second attempt, snipped off half the growth. He says: "I saw a look of amazement, quickly followed by one of annoyance and disappointment, come over the faces of Professors Gerhardt and Tobold. . . ." He ascribes these grimaces to professional jealousy. Perhaps the Professors were merely wondering why he hadn't snipped off the whole business — less than twice the size of a BB shot. The fragment was sent to Professor Virchow for examination.

Immediately after the operation the Prince returned to his residence at Potsdam. Dr. Mackenzie accompanied him. That afternoon and the following morning the Englishman drove and walked with his illustrious patient, whose condition seemed excellent.

On the afternoon of May 22nd, however, Mackenzie noticed that the voice was husky, and an examination showed congestion "of a catarrhal nature". On May 23rd, he decided to operate again. In the presence of Professor Gerhardt and Dr. Wegner, he introduced his forceps into the patient's throat, but

was unable to seize the minute remainder of the growth. This was embarrassing. When Mackenzie "laid aside the forceps, saying I would not again use them at that sitting, Professor Gerhardt asked to be allowed to examine the larynx. He had scarcely put the mirror in position when he withdrew it with a highly artistic expression of horror and alarm. . . . He said that I had wounded the right vocal cord. . . . My success on the first occasion had mortified him. But whether I had failed or succeeded, it was hardly professional of a colleague to endeavor to damage me by a carefully prepared *coup de théâtre*". The Prince asked if an accident had occurred. Mackenzie suavely assured him that Professor Gerhardt "was under a slight misapprehension, and that in any case the matter was of no consequence."

Two days later, Professors von Bergmann and Tobold examined the right vocal cord in the Englishman's presence and agreed that it had been injured. Then Gerhardt making a second examination, observed a new growth already forming on the wounded spot, and expressed concern that it might prove malignant. Mackenzie asserted that both wound and new growth were figments of malicious imagination and proceeded to rake

the Germans with a devastating broadside of sarcasm. The learned conclave was turning into a brawl when Dr. Wegner protested that "the discussion was assuming an academic character", and urged that it return to matters of practical importance.

Professor Virchow's report on the fragment submitted him was negative. This delighted Mackenzie, but did not satisfy the Germans. It was decided again to attempt to remove the remainder of the growth for a more thorough examination.

Although the English specialist had rejected the cancer theory from the outset, his course of action now was hardly consistent with his belief that "no point in pathology is better established than the connection between local irritation or chronic structural changes induced thereby, and the development of cancer. . . . The determining cause is in very many cases an injury . . . or a condition resulting from an injury (as a scar) or the persistent application to a particular spot of something that keeps the tissue inflamed. . . ." He adduces this in an effort to prove that the galvano-cautery employed by the Germans before he was called into the case was the cause of later tragic developments. He

ignores its possible application to his own cutting.

On June 8th, Dr. Mackenzie had "forceps brought to me from my room at the top of the palace" and snipped off another sample. Again Professor Virchow's microscopic examination disclosed no signs of cancer.

On June 28th, at the fourth operation in slightly over one month, the remainder was finally removed. Dr. Mackenzie writes, in italics, "*If the growth was benign in the first instance, there is . . . only too much reason to think Gerhard's burnings must be held answerable for its subsequent transformation into cancer. . . .*"

All was tranquil until late in July; then a swelling appeared at what had been the seat of the growth. Despite his reiterated charges that galvano-cautery had already been dangerously overused by the Germans, Mackenzie himself burned the swelling by this means on August 2nd and again on August 8th. After an interval signalized only by minor bickering and backbiting among the doctors, His Highness went for a visit to Toblach in the Tyrol, and then journeyed down to San Remo on the Italian Riviera. There he hoped to spend the Winter basking in the Mediterranean sun

while the medical men cleared up that annoying little (a-ahem!) — that damnable tickle in his throat.

Mackenzie — he was now Sir Morell Mackenzie — had been obliged by his extensive practice to return to England. He was represented in the Prince's medical entourage by Mark Hovell, one of the surgeons from the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, founded by Sir Morell in King Street, London, in 1863.

The party occupied the Villa Zirio, San Remo, on November 3rd. On November 4th, Hovell became so alarmed at the appearance of the patient's throat that he sent a telegram to Sir Morell. The baronet arrived the following night. This time, he brought his instruments. He made an examination, and what he saw smote him with horror. But . . . "without rising from my chair" (cool hand, this chap Mackenzie!) "I informed His Imperial Highness that a very unfavorable change had taken place in his throat. He said, 'Is it cancer?' to which I replied, 'I am sorry to say, Sire, it looks very much like it'. . . ."

II

From this point onward, it is possible to skip the pathological de-

tails of the case and consider the antics of the medical men in charge of it. For instance:

Mackenzie describes Professor Bramann's instruments as antiquated (*uralt*) to that gentleman's face. Professor Bramann stalks out of the room in a fine Prussian huff. . . . Mackenzie, noting a temperature of 100°, reports that the Prince is feverish. The Germans, as a man, declare that 100° does not constitute fever. There is a quarrel over the definition; meanwhile the patient's temperature rises. . . . Professor von Bergmann hands Mackenzie a stiffly-formal note declining all further intercourse with him except as might be necessary while attending the Prince. Mackenzie complains to the poor, tormented patient about Bergmann's "hostility". . . . Professor von Bergmann and Dr. Schrader suspect the cleanliness of Mackenzie's instruments and methods, and send him written admonitions to "use a weak solution of carbolic acid instead of plain water". Mackenzie is insulted. . . . Schrader warns Hovell that German law provides a three-year prison penalty for surgeons who do not carry out treatments antiseptically. Mackenzie defends his assistant with the amazing statement that antiseptics

are of little importance after tracheotomy because the wound in the throat is "open to the air of the room" anyway! . . . Speaking for himself, Dr. Bramann, and Dr. Schrader, Professor von Bergmann formally accuses Sir Morell of violating professional etiquette in having subjected the patient to a laryngoscopic examination without their knowledge. Sir Morell loftily dismisses the matter as "not worth making a fuss about", but at the consultation next day he ripostes with the charge that Bergmann cannot distinguish the patient's lungs from his liver. . . . Hovell expresses surprise that von Bergmann, a great stickler for anti-septicism, should neglect to wash his hands before touching the tracheal wound. Sir Morell agrees that while Bergmann is fussy about the cleanliness of his instruments, he "does not always pay sufficient regard to personal cleanliness". . . . Professor Gerhardt charges Mackenzie with carrying his forceps in his pocket and using them without first disinfecting them. Sir Morell, indignant, says that he carries the instrument in a silk bag lined with carbolized wool. . . . Mackenzie accuses von Bergmann of wrongly inserting a canula tube in the patient's windpipe and thereby bringing about

the most ghastly consequences. He describes Bergmann's technique as "random stabbing", and says that the German "was not at the time in a condition to observe things accurately". It is not clear whether he means that Bergmann was drunk or merely flustered; in any event, Sir Morell serves notice on the tortured patient that he can no longer continue in attendance "if Professor von Bergmann is to be permitted to touch your throat again". . . .

And so, for week after week, the tragic farce dragged on. Sir Morell communicated details of the case to the *British Medical Journal* and the *Lancet*, and hinted at his feud with the German doctors. The press of the world caught wind of it. At first there were scandalized murmurs; then letters of sympathy for the Prince came pouring in from all parts of Europe and America. Charms, spells, and amulets were offered as cures as effective as any tried by the doctors; patent foods, mineral waters, and pulverized oyster-shells were all recommended as sovereign remedies. Righteously, then, the medicos released a statement beginning:

San Remo, March 6th, 1888.

In view of the rumors circulated in the Press about differences of opinion among the physicians in attendance on His Imperial and Royal Highness,

the Crown Prince of the German Empire and of Prussia, the undersigned declare that there are no differences of opinion among them regarding the nature of the disease. Just as little have they maintained that the malady is likely soon to take a dangerous turn. . . . To the newspapers of Germany and all other countries . . . the physicians once more make the request that they will refrain from all discussion of the disease, or of the methods and instruments used in its treatment. . . .

Shortly after the publication of this canting document, its authors themselves carried their brawl before the public in books, pamphlets, and newspaper articles which revealed the most intimate details of the case. The invective bandied in their controversy included such terms as *spy*, *Jew*, *reptile*, *renegade*, *plotter*, *torturer*, *infamy*, *calumny*, *malice*, and various scholarly combinations involving the epithet *liar*.

On March 9th, the death of the aged Emperor placed his already-dying son on the throne of Germany. In pathetic observance of royal tradition, His Majesty signaled his accession by appointing Dr. Krause as Extraordinary Professor in the University of Berlin and conferring upon Sir Morell Mackenzie a high order of the House of Hohenzollern. Despite, or due to, the ministrations of these gentlemen and their associates, His Majesty was unable to speak. As a

matter of brutal fact, he was breathing only by virtue of a metal tube thrust through a slit in his windpipe, and was feasting in lonely grandeur upon milk, raw eggs, and whisky poured into him through a funnel. But he wrote out the citations which accompanied the honors with a hand that trembled not at all.

III

The Emperor Frederick III died of cancer of the throat on the morning of June 5th, 1888, less than thirteen months after the eminent specialist from Harley Street had scoffed at the Germans' correct diagnosis and proclaimed that, save for a growth "like a simple wart, the patient was in every respect a model of stalwart health". Rightly or wrongly, a vast section of the German people believed that their ruler had died a victim of an Englishman's criminal stupidity. Others whispered darkly of dynastic plots, and charged Queen Victoria with sponsoring a murderous charlatan.

Until that time, England and Germany had shared a sympathetic understanding rare among nations. England's Victoria was at least as German as she was English; her sainted consort, Albert, had been Prince of Saxe-Coburg

and Gotha; their daughter had married poor Frederick. Both the English and the Germans were good haters and both hated the French. Fighting shoulder to shoulder, they had overthrown the great Napoleon at Waterloo, and recently, at Sedan, Frederick and his father had given Napoleon III a licking for good measure.

But — now there was a rift in the well-known lute. The grip of the hands across the sea became noticeably relaxed. For the first time, the two great Northern races felt vague stirrings of mutual dislike. And it wasn't due to some trumped-up issue of treaties or frontiers or politics or trade policies, but to a matter which the man in the street or the plowfield or the rathskellar could understand and argue. However wild his theories,

they were based only upon what scientists of the highest standing were shouting at one another.

The Summer of 1888 saw a new cult emerge in Germany — the cult of Anglophobia. Its high priest was Wilhelm, Frederick's son, who maintains to this day that Dr. Mackenzie, in addition to other iniquities, denied him access to his dying father's room, but invited journalists to view the sufferer from an alcove. Wilhelm's Anglophobia reached its fanatical apogee on *Der Tag* when his armies clumped across Belgium toward the Channel ports to the chant of *Gott Strafe* England.

But by that time, Sir Morell Mackenzie, M.D., F.R.C.S., Titular of the Cross and Star of the Royal Order of Hohenzollern, had been dead for many years.



THE ART OF CIDER-DRINKING

BY FRANK MONEY

TO ALL those he-men who are weary of near-mahogany bars I suggest refuge in a dim rural cellar, with just hard cider and themselves for company. Here, seated on a packing box or bushel basket, close to an inexhaustible tap, the drinker may pursue his solitary fate, undisturbed by shrill neighs from a two-drink female. There is no flutter of boudoir pink to distract the eye, nor stale cigarette smoke to foul the air. Fitting the drinker's mood are long cobwebs dangling from the rafters like uneasy wraiths; for entertainment, there are big brown rats that perform for nothing. As they scamper about, grown to the size of cats in the feeble lantern light, one has, until near the end, a four-to-one chance of laying them out with a well-aimed turnip.

From a wooden peg in the wall hangs an old-fashioned chipped-beef glass holding half a pint, with a rim like a piston ring. It has never been washed; it is scummy brown from long usage and many fingers; but only the neighbors

have drunk therefrom and nothing has been in it except cider and a few flies, which can be flipped out with a finger.

Cider is comparatively easy to take, once the taste is acquired, and carries a jolt stronger than beer. It costs only half a cent a glass, or about a dime a snootful. If the drinker is not too lazy to doctor it a little, he can step up quality and blasting power threefold. And no expensive equipment is needed. All that is required is an orchard, a press, and the formula. Nor will there be any interference from revenueurs, for it is benignly presumed that all those big barrels are for vinegar.

The number of millions of gallons of revenue-free cider consumed on farms each year cannot be estimated because of the lack of a reliable check-up, but any farmer with a liking for cider wouldn't think of going into the Winter without one to two hundred gallons. If he plans right, he can have cider any season of the year, hard enough to float a turkey

egg. If the supply shortens up, he puts on a press in August, and the hot Summer weather pushes along fermentation so fast that by Christmas there is plenty of cheer in the old barrel. The presses made later, in the Fall, are ripe by late Winter or early Spring, depending on the cellar. Hence the only real danger of ever running out of cider lies with the farmer himself.

Generally he plans to have a couple of barrels to piece out the long Winter evenings and give the Spring plowing the right start. One barrel he keeps inviolable for haying, having found that it will lift more hay than any invention of International Harvester. Not only does he like it himself when the sun bears down and hayseed sticks in his throat, but he has learned that it is the simplest solution to his labor problem. With cider in the cellar, he can always hire help—for as little as their dinner and all the cider they can drink.

One old farmer I used to know, and his son, regularly put up a dozen fifty-gallon barrels. They figured on a barrel a month, although invariably they underestimated. Wherever they went, a cider jug went with them. Others were planted about the farm—in the henhouse, the barn, the woodshed, the fields—in case they

needed a quick one. Weeds sometimes smothered the onions and the cows were often in the corn, but what the hell! So long as nothing threatened the apple orchard they had no worries. The old man kept up with his half of the schedule until he was well past eighty and his hand so shaky that the only way he could hold a glass to his mouth was by steadying it with a forefinger on his nose. He died of an infected foot.

I haven't any idea how many years this old codger had been drinking hard cider, but I imagine most of his life. Even the dullest farm lad can boast of a good bender by the time he's eight or ten. I never knew a kid in my neighborhood who hadn't had such an experience. My own came when I was seven. It was simple. I merely went into the cellar and picked up a cider sucker—a rubber hose the diameter of a cigar and two feet long. I stuck it into the open bung of a barrel, and it was as if I were on the other end of a gusher.

With the first mouthful, I thought an adder had me by the tongue. I shook loose and swallowed. It might have been a handful of razor blades that next went down, for there was a slit under each ear where vinegar and mumps meet. I was ready to call quits

when a warmth like the breath of a gas oven hit me in the midriff. After that I stuck to my original intention, which was to drink all the cider I could hold.

When I went out into the sunlight, my tomcat was chasing a chickadee backwards, the trees were growing aslant, and the white picket-fence was running around the house like a railroad train. The green grass rolled like the waves of the sea, and every once in a while a big breaker smacked me in the face. I went down once, twice, a dozen times. Then the waves closed over me. Towards sunset, I rose to the surface from under a lilac bush in the backyard. It had all been very wonderful.

A new padlock on the cellar door next morning kept me from getting another crack at hard cider until two years later, when I came down with the measles. Then I was given the old Yankee farm prescription, which was bed, blankets, and a bowl of steaming hot cider and red pepper every hour. After the first half-day, I didn't feel a thing for a week except an occasional sensation of floating. In fact, I floated right through measles and came out on the other side with nothing worse than mild jitters. Since then, I have never avoided a glass of cider.

II

A tour of farm cellars unearths all sorts of cider tamperers, some of them eminently successful, and all secretive about their formulae. One such dilettante was a farmer named Briggs who introduced me first to cider bolstered by sugar and raisins, which had taken out most of the acid and added a lot of alcohol. Then he pulled the tap from a barrel alongside. The cider flowed a cherry red. It had been colored by a beet which he had suspended from a string and later pulled up through the bung when the shade suited his fancy. He also had another barrel into which he had placed a chunk of raw beef-steak. He declared the cider was stronger, although I noticed no difference.

The most violent cider I ever tasted was offered by an old grouch called Hapgood. I'd known him for a long time and never expected anything good to come of the acquaintance, but one day he offered me a drink. It had the bite of white mule and was nearly as vicious. He had practiced simple distillation: by freezing, he had got rid of most of the water, leaving the alcohol in a pocket of ice. Then he bored through with an auger and drained off to another barrel.

What he had wasn't really cider at all; it was apple brandy.

Easily the greatest genius among cider-makers was Amasa, a dry, middle-aged New England farmer, who at the time was working on a swank country estate near Newport. The place was owned by a New Yorker with a taste for cider, and there was no doubt that he had found his man. The cider Amasa produced, if put on the market, would become a national drink.

When Amasa took me down cellar, there were between thirty and forty barrels and kegs ranged along the walls, and shelf upon shelf of bottles. When he opened a bottle, it was as fine a drink as one could wish. Many would prefer it to the best old wine. It was clear amber, had a rich bouquet, and tasted as a box of fine-smelling apples are expected to taste but never do. In potency, it lay between wine and brandy. It began with a smooth velvety caress and worked up to something resembling a massage by millions of tiny rubber needles.

When I asked for the recipe, Amasa was as cagey as a chef with a pet dish. I found out that he used sugar and raisins, cracked corn, rye, and barley, but he was of no help when I asked for the amounts.

"Use what you think you need," he said. "You'll learn. Everybody does it different."

After a press came off, he was in the cellar every day, puttering around, sampling each barrel, listening to the bubbling inside. If he thought it wasn't coming along fast enough, he lit a furnace; at other times he ventilated the cellar. One day he bunged a barrel tight, and the next he opened it. Some of the business was doubtless an artist's mystifying flourish, but along the way he must have done something constructive.

It was the cider that kept Amasa's job for him. He had come to the estate as herdsman for the string of pure-bred Guernseys that the New Yorker kept as a hobby. He worked there for a year before he offered the boss a drink of his cider. After that the New Yorker insisted on Amasa's making it in quantity, which was constantly depleted by parties. It got so that Amasa put in more time in the cider cellar than in the electrically-lighted, oak-paneled cattle barn. Finally he told his employer that the strain was too much: he couldn't supervise the cider and cattle both. So the New Yorker sold his Guernseys. He said anybody who would drink milk was crazy.

THE ASSAULT ON FREEDOM

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

JUST as culture was the first casualty in the War to Save Culture, and has been the last of the wounded to recover from its injuries, so freedom, for which we fought so hard, is in danger of being done to death, not by those who hate freedom, but by those who profess to love it. The greatest enemies of liberty now alive are not aristocrats or priests, but "advanced" intellectuals and workingmen. Each of the most eminent dictators in Europe today is of working-class origin: Mussolini was a blacksmith; Hitler, a house-painter; and Stalin the son of a cobbler. The significance of this proletarian origin lies in the embodiment of lynch law, under which the tyrant, whether he calls himself Communist, Nazi, or Fascist, obeys one primitive impulse—to club, persecute, and kill all who dissent from his opinions. His not to reason why, nor ours either; his but to make us do or die. This uncivilized theory of government, animal in its origin, fills even republican theorists, such as José

Ortega y Gasset, with apprehension. In his remarkable book,¹ he says:

The characteristic of the hour is that the commonplace mind, knowing itself to be commonplace, has the assurance to proclaim the rights of the commonplace and to impose them wherever it will.

It has to be noted that the Dictators have appeared only in those countries where the population is largely illiterate and semi-savage, as in Italy and Russia, or servile in spirit or devitalized by the aftermath of misery caused by defeat in war, as in Germany. Every attempt to propose dictatorship in countries which are inhabited by virile and educated people has been frustrated. In Germany, Hitler is acclaimed and put in power; in England, Sir Oswald Mosley is derided as a ridiculous figure.

Thus, the student, surveying the history of freedom, remarks at once a profound difference between the mind of the Mid-Victorian era and that of the late Georgian. The peo-

¹ *The Revolt of the Masses*, by José Ortega y Gasset. Norton; New York.

ple of 1870 were so different in their outlook on life from those of 1920 that they might be said almost to be different not only in their ideas, but different in their species. Yet they were separated from each other only by fifty years. The mind of the nineteenth century was expressed in the belief of the elder Mill that the mass of mankind had only to be presented with a reasonable argument to perceive and accept it. This belief was so general in Great Britain that education was made compulsory in 1870 and, a few years later, free. The whole of the educative legislation of Great Britain since that time has been designed to increase for everybody these opportunities of receiving instruction, whether wanted or not; and in this very year of 1938, an attempt is being made to raise the age at which a child may leave school to begin to earn a living from fourteen to fifteen and even to sixteen. Every recruit in the British Army today spends the first six months of his soldiering in school; the War Office learned in 1914-18 that an uneducated soldier is an inefficient soldier. The belief in the beneficence of education was so keen that Mr. John (afterwards Viscount) Morley, in 1870, the year in which compulsory education was enacted, felt satisfied that free-

dom was now generally assured. He opened his essay, *On Compromise*, with the statement that:

The right of thinking freely and acting independently, of using our minds without excessive awe of authority, and shaping our lives without unquestioning obedience to custom, is now a finally accepted principle in some sense or other with every school of thought that has the smallest chance of commanding the future.

Morley died in 1923. We may well wonder whether, if he had reperused his essay, he would then have felt so sure of his confident assertion. Yet its soundness seemed certain to later authors than himself. Professor Bury, in his book,¹ which was published in 1913, one year before the War for Freedom and Culture broke out, felt no less assured than Morley that liberty was unshakably established. He wrote:

The struggle of reason against authority has ended in what appears now to be a decisive and permanent victory for liberty. In the most civilized and progressive countries, freedom of discussion is recognized as a fundamental principle.

Bury died in 1927, two years after Hitler had written²

The chief aim of education is physical fitness and preparation for National

¹ *A History of Freedom of Thought*, by John Bagnell Bury. Holt; New York.

² *My Battle*, by Adolph Hitler. Houghton; London.

Defense . . . by means of obedience and absolute subjection to the will of the Leader which must be expressed by the teacher. . . . Only after that the acquisition of knowledge. . . . The task of the Teachers' Union is to develop the school in the patriotic and National Socialist idea. . . . There must be training to blind obedience to the teacher.

The *Duce* is no less emphatic than the *Führer* on the duty of the individual to subordinate himself abjectly to the State, by which, in the upshot, he means himself. The Italian people are to be deprived of "harmful" freedom and allowed only "essential" freedom, but the power to decide what is harmful and what is essential is retained by Mussolini, who believes "neither in the possibility nor the utility of perpetual peace", but is convinced that "war alone brings up to its highest tension all human energy and puts the stamp of nobility upon the peoples who have the courage to meet it. All other trials are substitutes which never really put men into the position where they have to make the great decision—the alternative of life or death."

The lengths to which the proletarian tyrants are ready to proceed in the dragooning of mankind into one way of thought are also familiar to those who have paid any attention to Russian affairs. An American Socialist, Max East-

man, has stated plainly his opinions on the subject:¹

Not only must all art be propaganda in Soviet Russia, whether the artist will or no, but according to the prevailing view this propaganda should be created or carried on in a systematized fashion, like any commodity production or engineering work, under the direct control and guidance of the political power.

Eastman quotes, and italicizes in part, two profoundly disturbing assertions made by two powerful Communists, Rodov and Auerbach, the first of whom said:

We think that the party, at whatever cost, ought to *dominate the literary movement of the working class*, and all remaining problems. Problems of literary artistic criticism or any other party problems . . . should be raised only after the final solution of this fundamental problem.

Auerbach's assertion was even more sinister:

We can and ought to co-operate. . . . Set the scene, surround the worker-writers with the necessary atmosphere, influence, and to a certain degree—we have the press, the publishing houses, etc.—determine the manifestation of the new literature.

Another leading Bolshevik, Nicolai Bukharin, assured an audience that even mathematics must be studied from a proletarian point of view! Mr. and Mrs. Webb in

¹ *Artists in Uniform*, by Max Eastman. G. Allen; London.

their book ¹ publish a list of claims on the mind and spirit no less arbitrary and foolish than Bukharin's. One Popovan read a paper to Moscow surgeons on *Marxism and Surgery* in which, according to another Bolshevik who had retained his sense of humor, there was neither Marxism nor surgery. An earnest proletarian informed an astounded collection of fishmongers, in a paper entitled *Materialist Dialectics and the Fishing Industry*, that:

the swarm of fish in any ocean is ultimately not so much a dynamic object as a dynamic process in motion (to use philosophical language) in all its categories. It is in this that the dialectical clarity of the fishing industry is to be found.

Yet all this culture of the Russian people in the true faith has produced feeble results. A Bolshevik author, Voronsky, confessed, according to Mr. Eastman, that "our party . . . has not yet produced one great artist" — and was sent to Siberia for making the confession.

But perhaps the grimmest commentary on the tyranny of the proletarian dictators is to be found in the treatment of Professor Kapitza, the distinguished scientist, who

wished to return to Cambridge from Russia so that he might resume his important work in the Mond Laboratory there, which was erected to provide him with the best equipped building available for his labors. The Soviet government refused to let him go to Cambridge, demanding his presence in his own country, and, lest he should attempt to leave Russia, set a guard upon his movements.

II

These attacks on liberty, were they to succeed and be consolidated, would undoubtedly destroy the mind of man; for all life is a process of change and alteration, and if life be fixed then life must perish. It is debatable whether there is any progress in human affairs, but no one disputes the statement that if there is to be progress there must be argument and criticism and a place in the community for those who are discontented with things as they are.

Ortega is too pessimistic when he says that there were probably not more than two clear heads in the ancient world, those of Themistocles and Caesar; and we may feel inclined to dispute the gloomy belief of Mr. H. G. Wells, his son, Mr. G. P. Wells, and Professor

¹ *Soviet Communism: A New Civilization?* by Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Scribner; New York.

Julian Huxley in a recent book¹ that "the inventions and organizations that have produced the peculiar opportunities and dangers of the modern world have been the work so far of a few hundred thousand exceptionally clever and enterprising people", and that "the rest of mankind has just been carried along by them, and has remained practically what it was a thousand years ago".

Yet, such is the topsy-turvyness of the times that the people who are most resolved to support systems of society which display the signs of suppression are the very people who might be expected to be among the first to oppose them. Our "advanced" intellectuals are everywhere to be found in support of some tyrant, usually of the worst, the tyrant of the Soviet; and some of them, such as Sir Stafford Cripps and his colleagues of the Socialist League in Great Britain, are busy laying traps for free men.

The venerable economist, Mr. Hobson, declares his belief² that "a democratic State will recognize a 'right to work', or alternatively, a 'right to subsistence', on the part of all its members", but not a right

to work in any occupation or on any terms each member chooses.

The statement seems acceptable until we realize that those who settle what are the conditions in which a man may work and what is the work he can best do for society may be tyrannous in temper, may even be the man's personal enemies. We have seen in Russia whole masses of people either put to death or sent into slavery in places many miles from their homes because they failed to see eye to eye with the authorities; we have seen whole sections of society, such as the Jews, proscribed in Germany for no other reason than that they were Jews; we have seen opponents of the Fascists clubbed, exiled, or killed in Italy because they dared to criticize the *Duce*; and we tremble with apprehension lest these tyrannies should be extended. There is no evil or oppression of the most brutal times in the past which has not been revived and practiced in Soviet Russia, Nazi Germany, and Fascist Italy. Our single defense against these oppressors is the fact that the spirit of freedom, even if it sometimes seems to flicker a little, still burns in Great Britain, France, and the United States. If that flame should be extinguished, the fate of mankind would be sealed.

¹ *The Science of Life*, by H. G. Wells and Others. Doubleday, Doran; New York.

² *Democracy and a Changing Civilization*, by John Atkinson Hobson. Lane; London.

RAILROAD BOOM-TOWN

By LAURENCE BELL

ALL the year long, from January through the late Summer, the Texas town in which I sojourned as a youth would be so dead you could almost have emptied a machine-gun down Main Street without hitting anybody. The railroad, whose freight terminal and repair shops were the sole reasons for the town's existence (it had been laid out in two days in a cotton patch when the railroad came through, and every once in a while a stalk of short staple pushed up through the sandy earth in one of the side streets) would be running only two or three trains a day; the regular manifest freights, one each way, and the locals, which took three or four days to complete a trip because of stopping at every cowpath to drop off a case of overalls or pitchfork handles consigned to some country store. Nine-tenths of the railroad men would be on the extra board or laid off altogether, and they would spend most of their time sitting in the Athens Café, drinking black coffee, swapping lies, and debating their re-

spective prowesses at firing boilers, smelling out hot boxes, or whatever other feats by which they gauged efficiency.

During these months everybody lived on credit, and the stores wouldn't do enough cash business to pay the help. They would all be deserted save for the loafers, who seemed to be included with the fixtures, and the occasional farmers come into town to buy something that was too much trouble to raise themselves. Even the bootleggers extended credit, this gesture being due not so much to a spirit of benevolence as to the pressure of competition. After the Volstead Act had extirpated the solid block of saloons that had adorned what was known as the "Lower End" of Main Street, the county in which the town was located had become famous for its moonshining industry, and there was considerable truth in the popular joke that corn production thereabouts was estimated by gallons rather than bushels. At least a third of the surrounding farm-

ers operated stills, and since they were out for every dollar they could lay a hand on, no ethical compunctions restrained them from selling a quart or half-gallon, at wholesale prices, to anybody not in the pay of the enforcement agents. As a consequence, the two dozen bootleggers who had replaced the town's two dozen saloons had either to give tick to steady customers or lose them altogether to the farmer-distillers, who would accept discarded clothing, second-hand automobile parts, or even a persuasive argument in lieu of cash. Such debts were rarely beaten, however, whisky being too important as a cure-all. Not only was it efficacious for bodily ailments, scotching malaria in the Summer and pneumonia in the Winter, but for maladies of the psyche as well: without regular doses of the stuff, most of the railroad men would have found the town intolerable, and decamped forthwith. Thus, while the grocers, drygoods merchants, and even the banks were rooked from time to time, the bootleggers could be assured of collecting their due when the railroad's business picked up in the Fall.

The railroad was a short-line outfit, owned jointly by two of the big trunk lines and treated by

both as a sort of stepchild: they forgot about it nine months out of the year, letting the tracks rust while everyone dependent upon the road for a living got along as best he could. But in the Fall, when the wheat had been harvested in the North and West, they would remember owning it because it was fifty miles shorter to the Gulf ports than any other line in the State; then they would send down a couple of dozen big "900" locomotives to replace the little dinkies that pulled the regular trains, and the town would come to life. One day everybody would be sitting around bellyaching about hard times, and then Jiggs Hall, the peg-legged call boy, would come clumping into the Athens or the Pastime Domino Parlor, looking for a couple of crews to take an extra North. "The fust wheat's comin'," Jiggs would announce. "A hunnerd cars already waitin' in the yards at Fo't Wuth now, and the god damn place will be lousy with it inside of a week."

In two or three days the men on the extra board would all have regular runs, and then Old Man McCormack, the general superintendent, would start sending wires to all the men on the seniority list to report back for duty. He would

wait until the last possible source of help had been exhausted before he began hiring boomers, as migratory trainmen were called. He regarded the boomers as unreliable, and was given to saying that they were a passel of no-good bums who couldn't tell a coupling pin from a mule on the right-of-way. He was partly right: a lot of amateurs managed to hire out each Fall by using bogus service papers bought from a document forger in Fort Worth, but they seldom lasted more than one trip. The real boomers, experienced railroad men who just couldn't or wouldn't stay in one place, had nothing but contempt for these greenhorns, although they themselves included railroading among a variety of pursuits that ranged from hoboining to training race horses. There was one fellow, in fact, who claimed to have once been a Presbyterian preacher. He said he had been unfrocked for getting married during a spell of absent-mindedness, in which he forgot that he already had a wife, who was spiteful enough not to show up until the day after the ceremony, too late to remind him of his conjugal error. He had narrowly missed being horsewhipped by his spurious brother-in-law, who with the legal spouse made

things so hot for him that he had lit out without waiting for formal banishment from the Lord's service. Here he was now, the ex-minister would say, a boomer brakeman wandering the face of the earth alone except for the company of stumblebums and panhandlers, nevermore to eat chicken that hadn't been lard-fried in some Greek lunchroom.

The boomers' versatility, however, along with their inclination to quit jobs good for at least fifteen dollars a day right in the middle of a boom, was the real reason for Old Man McCormack's reluctance to hire them; his sneers at their lack of experience were largely bombast, and he knew it. The Old Man had spent thirty years in the service of one of the big roads before he had been made general superintendent of the short line, working his way up from engine-wiper to master mechanic, and he simply couldn't understand why everybody else wasn't similarly filled with the same love for railroading. Every Fall brought for the most part a new and stranger horde of boomers, few of them ever coming back a second time unless they just happened to be passing through that part of the country and were particularly hard up for pocket money.

And despite Old Man McCormack's denunciations, he would have to hire them before the wheat was all moved. Most of the men on the seniority list would report, but still the yards would be jammed with loaded cars. Sometimes there would be a dozen trains tied up on the main line, waiting for the tracks to clear, and the Old Man would be running up and down the yards, cussing loudly enough to be heard a quarter-mile away, while the crews would sit back and take things easy, drawing overtime without having to hit a lick. This would go on for a week or two, with the Old Man sending wires all over Texas trying to borrow men from other roads. He would even persuade men he knew to take leaves of absence from their regular jobs and come to work for him.

But he still wouldn't have enough hands to run the trains, and after hearing everybody from the yardmasters on down complain that they were going crazy trying to keep the main line clear, he would give in, first delivering a tirade against tramp railroaders that would last for an hour or more. "All right, then," he would yell, "God damn it all, go ahead and hire every Dallas bootlegger and jailbird that comes in here

claiming he's a railroad man! Maybe if a couple of hundred shows up, maybe there will be a dozen out of the lot with sense enough to just set still and pretend they know what they're doing so we won't be breaking the law by not having a full crew."

The dispatcher would wag his head all the time the Old Man was letting off steam, and after he had stamped out of the office the dispatcher would wink at the telegrapher and they would laugh for a long time. The Old Man always blew up like that every year, and then he would start hitting the bottle every thirty minutes instead of every hour or two, and wouldn't get completely sober until business had fallen off enough to cut the board clear of the last boomer.

II

So the call would go out, and the next day the boomers would begin swarming into town. Some of them would arrive on the passenger trains, having been hired in Fort Worth or Houston and accordingly been given free transportation, but hardly any of them would have anything more in the way of baggage than the clothes on their backs. They were accustomed to the deduction-order sys-

tem of buying what they needed, this being a universal practice in railroad towns, and they seemed to expect getting skinned. Once they had their names on the payroll, most of them would head for the commissary, as they called the clothing store which was favored with the deduction-order franchise, and doll themselves up in blue serge suits and new tan shoes and black hats, wearing the latter uncreased, high-roller style. They paid for their lodging and meals the same way; they all boarded at the Athens Café, which would take on two or three country girls as extra waitresses during the rush. But getting lodging was more difficult. Most of the rooming houses either wouldn't take them in, or else would charge outrageous rates, so they had to choose between the Terminal Hotel and the Commercial House. The Terminal was an ancient two-story frame house that a self-respecting farmer wouldn't have used for a barn, and the Commercial was run by an old maid named Green, who, if she was not downright crazy as everybody claimed, was at least more than a trifle eccentric.

When Old Lady Green first came to town and took over the Commercial she had refused to rent rooms to railroad men, regard-

less of whether they were tramp brakemen or some of the officials who rode up and down the line in private cars. She could swear more terribly than any man, and she would stand in the lobby, reviling the men as they passed by. If one of them was rash enough to choose her sidewalk as a loafing place she would run out and give him such an ear-blistering that he would be incapable of a retort and move on. It was really remarkable to see one of these men, whom the townpeople said were murderers and worse, back up the street with his eyes popped out and his mouth open in a silly grin, while the old harridan let him have it with both barrels. The Commercial House was hardly less a flea-bag than the Terminal, but Old Lady Green acted as though it were the caravansary of kings. She despised railroad men because the noise from the switch engines working in the yards made her guests refuse to take rooms on the side nearest the tracks, and she let down the bars against them only when a fireman blew into town who recognized her as the former madam of a bawdyhouse in Montana. The fireman denounced her to her face, charging that she had made every dime she had by catering to the libidos of tallowpots and switch-

men, and moreover, had hogged the profits of her girls. In the face of this accusation, which she knew everybody in town would believe whether true or not, the old girl started taking in the rails, although she still chased them off the sidewalk and was always snooping around in the halls at all hours of the night, hoping to catch one of them violating the house rules against gambling and having girls in their rooms. This latter taboo was rather inconsistent, inasmuch as there were always two or three prostitutes putting up at her place, plying an untrammelled trade among commercial travelers and high-school boys.

A few of the younger boomers considered themselves hot sports, and instead of hanging around the Athens Café or the yard office they would ease on up Main Street and take position in front of the Palace Confectionery, thus giving competition to the local dudes in their flirtations with the young girls who flocked downtown every afternoon when school let out. None of the girls who was considered nice would have anything to do with the railroad men, except on the sly. Quite a few of them who were old enough to be allowed to drive the family cars up and down Main Street in the early evening

were known to have picked up some of the more collegiate appearing boomers and taken them driving, being careful, of course, to do the picking up in a side street. One girl, whose father was the owner of one of the largest clothing stores, fell desperately in love with a young brakeman who looked and dressed like a vaudeville tap dancer, but to her febrile imagination was a composite of all the great lovers of Hollywood. She took the young man to her home and introduced him to her parents, telling them that she had met him at a dance down at the State university, and pretty soon she was telling all her friends in confidence that she and the brakeman were going to be married. The brakeman got fired one day when Old Man McCormack caught him with a bunch of other rails taking a drink in the switch shanty, and he left town, telling the girl that he would send for her later. He was going to New Orleans, he said, to collect some money that had been left him by a relative. The girl began to be afraid after a few weeks that she was in trouble, and when she received a postcard from the brakeman giving her an address in New Orleans, she took her mother's diamond rings and sneaked fifty dollars from the store's cash

register and followed him. Her people heard nothing from her for a few weeks and then they received a letter, written on the stationery of the St. Charles Hotel and saying that she was married and very happy and for them not to worry. But the old man was a stingy old codger, and since she hadn't sent the fifty dollars and the rings back, he went to New Orleans to see what was what. He came back in about a week, but refused to answer any questions about his daughter's marriage except that she was "doing fine".

But the true story leaked out through their negro cook, who overheard him telling his wife about it and told it to somebody else's cook. The girl hadn't been registered at the hotel, the negro said, and the father had had the police look for her. They found her in a Basin Street house, loaded to the eyebrows with whisky or dope, and when the old man went to see her she had thrown the diamonds and a wad of money in his face, accompanied by a volley of filthy language that made him feel certain that she bore him no filial devotion. After the story got out, people who knew the old man's reputation for being a tightwad in his clothing store began saying that he was probably so glad not only to

get his money back, but to be relieved of supporting his daughter as well, that he had offered to sell her seducer all his suits at cost.

III

Most of the boomers, however, were clannish fellows who stuck pretty closely to themselves. They had little use for the townpeople, whom they called hayseeds and home guards, and when they were on their rest they stood together in little groups, talking. Nearly all of them were known to each other from other places they had worked. They didn't bother much with women, beyond kidding the country waitresses or dating up the Commercial House girls, and they were on the whole more conversant with the fundamental decencies than were a majority of the townfolk who decried their lack of morals. One time when a fellow who had hired out as a switchman was discovered to be sharing the earnings of a girl he had brought to town with him and installed in the Commercial House, a couple of brakemen gave him such a working over that he was three weeks getting out of the hospital. The brakemen were arrested and fined for fighting, disorderly conduct, disturbing the peace, and

drunkenness, the thirty or forty citizens who were enthusiastic spectators having become indignant complainants when they cooled off enough to realize that the main street of their city had been the scene of a brawl between men who were probably fugitives from justice.

The brakemen weren't drunk, but it was the custom to add drunkenness to any other crimes for which the boomers might be hauled in, partly because of the town's pious conviction that they scorned all nourishment save booze and narcotics, and partly because the arresting officers and the trial judge each received a percentage of the fines as their fees. This system resulted in bitter competition between the city marshal, whose prisoners were tried by the mayor, and the precinct constable, who haled his victims before the justice of the peace. Sometimes the rival peace officers would co-operate, as in bringing to book the participants of a negro dice game or the operators of a still, but most of the time they operated independently as the fees were too small when split so many ways. Somehow it never occurred to them to file charges in both courts, which not only would have inflicted double punishment on the miscreants,

but would have made collective criminal hunting profitable as well as convenient.

Rather than work together for the commonweal, however, the two divisions of the law would instead deputize two or three of their relatives during the boom seasons. These were for the most part loutish countrymen who made a pretense of farming, but actually subsisted by selling white mule to high-school boys who couldn't buy the stuff from reputable bootleggers. During their tenures as deputies they received a cut of the fines, the same as if the marshal and constable had split the money between themselves, but the money stayed in the family; besides, the kinsmen deputies continued their regular bootlegging, using a negro or another relative to perform the actual contacting of customers. It was considered not only ingenious, but quite ethical, for a deputy's agent to drum up a sale to one of the boomers, who would then be arrested by the deputy himself for possession of intoxicants and, naturally, drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

Sometimes the boomers would not submit peaceably to this unique shakedown, and then hell would break loose. One night the constable and his brother-in-law dep-

uty tried to arrest a fireman as he sat in the Athens, and the fireman, a gigantic red-haired man who said afterwards that he had done a little heavyweight prizefighting at various times, almost killed them both before the marshal and his staff came reluctantly to the rescue. Two other boomers waded in to help the fireman and there was a free-for-all that lasted for nearly an hour and virtually wrecked the restaurant. The red-haired fireman was still going strong, though he had been struck with chairs, gun butts, and God knows what else, and might have been battling yet if Old Man McCormack hadn't come running in and called him off. It turned out that the fireman had worked for the Old Man for a long time on another railroad, and that the Old Man knew him to be a teetotaler — he had bought the whisky for his ailing roommate and had already taken it to their room before the Law grabbed him.

The fireman and the two others who pitched in with him were bounced, because the company regulations called for the automatic dismissal of any employee who became entangled with the Law, but the Old Man hired them back two hours later under aliases. Though he didn't have a very

high opinion of rails who wouldn't stay put on one job, he had even less tolerance for the constabulary, whom he designated, with vast contempt, as "hawkshaws". He would not allow them to set foot on railroad property and when on one occasion he caught the constable and the nephew who was his deputy that Fall pulling a couple of kids off a freight, he had the yard bull arrest them for trespass and ordered out an extra to haul them over to the county seat, locked in an empty refrigerator car. He was unaware, or so he swore when the men stumbled from the car two hours later with their clothing frozen to their bodies, that the car had been iced that afternoon preparatory to being loaded with dressed veal. The constable made a lot of threats when he thawed out, but the Old Man threatened in turn to have the five-hundred-odd employees of the road remove him from office by petition, so he quieted down and pleaded guilty to the trespass charge and paid a fifty-dollar fine.

Because of the Old Man's debarring of the police force, the railroad yard was the favorite gathering place of the town's sporting element, and was generally livelier at night than Main Street. There would always be at least one crap

or poker game in one of the cabooses, and on pay days there would be a dozen or more. The boomers got in the habit of doing their drinking there, and they would line up along the edge of the freighthouse platform, with a half-gallon fruit jar for a wassail bowl, while the police force hid in the adjoining lumber yard, hoping one of the celebrators would get drunk enough to stagger out of the neutral zone, whereupon he could be seized and dragged into court. The boomers grew pretty cagey, however, so the law usually had to content itself with sending an emissary in to see if the jug didn't need refilling.

IV

The boom generally stopped as abruptly as it had started. Crews reporting for duty would often find that their trains had been cancelled and that the board had been cut instead. When the ax fell the boomers would drop their company-issue tin lanterns, give their gloves to the negro roustabouts, and stampede the timekeeper's office to draw their pay. They evinced little if any regret at being cast loose from toil, having worked for two or three months with no time off excepting the eight hours

rest between trips that the law required, and upon receiving their wages, or what was left of them after the various deductions had been made, they would celebrate their emancipation in a manner that would provide the town loafers with anecdotal fodder until the next boom rolled around. There would always be a dozen or so fist-fights between the boomers and the less cautious of the townsmen, as the boom's end climaxed the antagonism felt mutually by both sides. The townpeople reasoned that with no jobs to divert them, the rails might get out of hand and take the town apart, while the boomers felt that since they had submitted to kangaroo justice, bilking by the tradesmen, and to being held up by parents as horrible examples of what happened to young men who chose railroading as a career, they were entitled to at least one retaliatory gesture.

On these nights the law would absent itself from the town, knowing that with no jobs to hold, the rails would accept jail sentences rather than pay their fines. Then, too, there was the memory of Wichita Joe Leamon, who came to town one Fall and got himself hired as special deputy marshal on his word that he had been a Texas Ranger and, practically single-

handed, had cleaned up Burkburnett during the oil boom days. Wichita Joe carried two guns and a blackjack, and made himself particularly disagreeable that year. And on the day the board was cut he swaggered down to the entrance to the yards and yelled into the men waiting for their pay that he would pistol-whip any or all of them who were still in town after the passenger trains had pulled out. None of them said anything, and when at eight o'clock that night there weren't any drunks on the streets, Wichita Joe took up his stand in front of the Greek's and began bragging about how he had cleaned up the town single-handed. He was going strong, getting tougher every minute, when from around the corner leading to the depot there came a racket that sounded as if fifty people were being skinned alive.

Wichita Joe whipped out both his pistols and headed for the corner, yelling over his shoulder for the crowd of loafers to stand back and not interfere with the Law. The onlookers saw him turn the corner, and then a minute or so later they heard two shots fired. After a judicious interval, a group of the more adventurous followed along to see what had happened.

They found Wichita Joe lying in the alley, but they were able to identify him only by his two empty holsters. His guns were gone and he was as bloody as a stuck pig from head to foot. So after that, the law-and-order agencies always observed the end of the boom by temporarily repealing the Eighteenth Amendment and taking to the tall timber to look for stills.

Two days after the boomers had cleared out, the town would go back to sleep, but there would be evidences of their departing celebration in the form of a liberal distribution of moused eyes among the local champions, and several plate-glass windows would usually be broken from having had somebody knocked through them. The consanguineous police reinforcements would disband, resuming their normal pursuits of selling white mule to minors, and the citizenry, solvent once more, would sit back and do nothing for the next nine months or so. Barring the drummers from the Dallas and St. Louis wholesale houses, and the handful of Summer visitors who came only if they were unable to get themselves invited elsewhere, there wouldn't be a strange face in the town until the next boom rolled around.

EDITORIAL

Wanted: An Honest Diplomat

IN OUR judgment this business of holding "international conferences" is being run into the ground. They have been going on in hot succession for more than twenty years, and we cannot see that they have accomplished anything except to keep the gullible public's mind in a ferment over unrealized hopes, unfulfilled promises, and thwarted desires. Our belief is that they are sheer humbug, engineered in a spirit of pure cynicism from first to last by persons who wish to give the appearance of doing something which they know they are not doing and cannot do. In support of this opinion we cite the recent conference at Brussels, which is a fair sample of the lot, and which we propose to take as a starting-point for a few words on the subject.

On the fifth of last October, out of a clear sky, Dr. Roosevelt launched a lurid bolt against Japan's operations in China. Instantly the British Government followed suit with an offer to go as far against the Japanese as Dr.

Roosevelt would go, or even to take the lead if Dr. Roosevelt would agree to follow. Then a "conference" of the governments which had signed the Nine-Power Treaty was called to meet in Brussels to decide on what, if anything, could be done. It met in November, stayed in session for three weeks at great expense, talked by the hour, and then blew up with an inglorious pop, having done nothing which could not have been done by mail at a cost of something like two dollars' worth of postage stamps. Meanwhile the Japanese kept on their way unperturbed, and not a word more was heard from Dr. Roosevelt, who seemed to have forgotten all about his Chicago speech the moment it had served his purpose.

There was only one reason for Dr. Roosevelt's sudden *démarche* at Chicago on the fifth of October. The Japanese were doing nothing at that time but what they had been doing for six years, during which period Dr. Roosevelt had been as silent about their doings as

he was throughout the two months following his one burst of eloquence. He conjured up the Japanese raw-head-and-bloody-bones merely to divert public attention from certain matters which had broken badly for his prestige, the most conspicuous one being his odoriferous nomination of Klansman Black to a seat on the Supreme Bench. It is impossible to imagine any half-way plausible reason for his taking that line at Chicago, except this one, which is more than plausible. It is unimpeachable.

Every Foreign Office in Europe knew this. They knew that the Chicago speech was for home consumption. It could not have been launched for any other purpose. But did the European governments accordingly disregard it? Not at all. The British Foreign Office could not afford to do that, and the other signatory Powers felt that they, too, could hardly afford not to go along. England's great desire, as of old, is for a political accord which will convert the United States into a sort of honorary strong-arm man for the British Empire, and therefore her play is to keep on the blind side of any chicanery or lunacy which the Administration may commit. Indeed, it is only the hope of an ultimate

political understanding of this kind which makes her so grudgingly willing to talk with Mr. Hull about a commercial treaty that would give her little, if any, advantage which she does not already possess, and would be bothersome to square with the interests and sentiments of the Dominions. Hence when Dr. Roosevelt said snap at Chicago, the British Foreign Office felt obliged to say snip; and with the two major Powers set for a "conference", the others could hardly kick over the traces, even though all hands knew that Dr. Roosevelt's speech was mere verbiage.

These facts alone would justify anyone in saying that the Brussels conference was sheer humbug, and was known by all its participants to be sheer humbug. But its participants also knew not only that nothing would come of the conference, but that nothing *could* come of it, even though it were called in all honesty, and even though Dr. Roosevelt's words could be regarded as meaning business. They knew that the only way to bring the Japanese to terms was for some stronger Power, or group of Powers, to take the leg of the chair to them; and who was going to do that? Well, who? It would be a risky undertaking. We doubt that there is a government in Eu-

rope which has confidence enough in its population to send its armed forces out of the country on any such crusade. With debts and taxes where they are, and trade no better than it is, and the constant menace, real or imaginary, of European troubles impending, we believe it would take some dragooning to get the English or French people to stand for it; and as for our own people, inveterate suckers though they be, we doubt that Dr. Roosevelt would quite see his way to take a chance on them.

We may be wrong on this last point, of course. Perhaps by the time these words get into print the United States may be mixed up in all kinds of messes in the Far East, though we think it is most unlikely, unless the Mikado goes too far out of his way to step on Uncle Sam's toes. Certainly, however, the Brussels conference did not take the only course of action which would show it had real reason for existence. No such action was even seriously considered. When the Chinese representative suggested it, the delegates looked at one another with one eye closed. In fact, the American delegate, it now appears, went to Brussels with definite instructions from Dr. Roosevelt not to commit this country to any kind of action. When all came

to all, the conference confined itself to promulgating a few maundering words about the villainous behavior of the Japanese, and then broke up. Its ludicrous upshot was that in full knowledge of all the conferees, and in full knowledge of all the Foreign Offices who sent those conferees to Brussels, the only thing it did or could do was to help Dr. Roosevelt over a rough spot at home. Was ever the money of overtaxed peoples worse wasted?

Looking back of Brussels, one sees the long and expensive run of conferences on intervention in Spain. What did any of them accomplish? As far as we know, nothing — except what the self-interest of each nation concerned would have brought about if no conference had been held. Back of these, again, one recalls the preposterous conferences over applying "sanctions" to Mussolini's Ethiopian enterprise. Who loved the Ethiopians enough to let go a good contract in war-supplies? Nobody, apparently, and Mussolini, being well aware of this, saluted the conferences with a loud Bronx cheer.

As with Japan, the only way to discourage Mussolini was for a couple of high-minded and well-heeled Powers to set forth and beat him up. Mussolini knew that this was as impracticable as "sanctions",

and that the talk about either was hollow stuff. But the point is that all hands at the conferences knew this as well as Mussolini did, and therefore knew that they were lending themselves to nothing more practical or realistic than a rather low order of farce-comedy.

Again, farther back in the two decades since the World War, one counts up the innumerable conferences on "disarmament" and all the wonderful things that were expected to come of them. It would pay anybody who really wishes to educate himself in the devious ways of governments, to get out a file of old newspapers and consider, for instance, the appalling volume of bilgewater sluiced around the naval conference at Washington, which was held under the presidency of Mr. Hughes, at that time our Secretary of State. Again, still farther back, one comes upon the great post-war conference at Geneva, which was to abolish war forever; and from then to now there has been war here or there all over the world, without a day's intermission. Is it credible that the participants in these conferences were unaware of their utter futility? We think not.

As soon as the Brussels conference over Japan blew up, the conference-mongers at once began lay-

ing pipe for another, to deal with the demands of Hitler. Why confer about them? The only question is whether or not Hitler is in shape to enforce his demands. If so, he will enforce them in his own good time and in his own good way without asking anybody's permission, just as the Mikado and Mussolini have done; and if not, then not. On the other hand, if the object be to make a deal with Hitler, no conference is necessary; it can be done as well by mail, no doubt better. Moreover, such a deal with the German Government would be in force only so long as it suited the convenience of any of the consenting governments to have it so, for, as was seen in the capital instance of Dr. Roosevelt's decision to impound gold, no government ever recognizes the obligations of contract where its own interests are concerned; its code of morals in these and many other respects is such as would shock the conscience of a savage. Why then confer?

The answer is that these conferences are a feature in the meaningless ritual by which governments touch off the imagination of their peoples for the enhancement of their own prestige. In themselves they are only a silly waste of money; they could also be put down as a waste of time, if the time

of those concerned with them were valuable. It is only as they are a part of the paraphernalia of State prestige that they are vicious. Governments must continually dissemble their own actual nature and intentions; they must continually impress their peoples with an exaggerated sense of their own importance, their power and greatness, their wisdom, and above all, their disinterestedness and high beneficence. They must assiduously cultivate the belief that "reasons of State" are sufficient always to lift them above all considerations of common honesty and decency, and permit them to exist in an imaginary atmosphere of super-morality such as no individual and no other institution dare venture to breathe.

All this, of course, is sheer superstition; and superstition is the life and soul of government in all its existing forms. "Politics," says an intelligent observer, "is the art of creating illusions by the use of words." Until yesterday such illusions sustained the divine right of kings; today they sustain the quasi-divine right of Parliaments, Congresses and Assemblies, Presidents, *Duces, Führers*. To keep these illu-

sions alive and working, governments have instituted an enormous apparatus of pageantry, panoply, and publicity which to all appearance is vastly significant, but which actually signifies nothing.

"International conferences" are part of this apparatus, and we speak of them only to show that this is what they are. We chose them deliberately to serve as a specimen exhibit, because in themselves they are probably as innocuous as any other piece of trifling folly which governments engage in, and are at the same time rather more conspicuous than most. We are not especially interested in deprecating them, or in deprecating any other performance in the spectacular ritual of rhodomontade which governments continually go through. What we are interested in is pointing out clearly the intention of all such items of pomp and circumstance, and the purpose towards which they are directed. Their intention is that of deception and hoodwinking, and they are brought into play for the double purpose of disguising the true character of governments, and of enhancing their prestige.



AMERICANA

ALABAMA

SUPREME and horrible tragedy in the life of a politician, as chronicled by the benign Associated Press:

Former Senator Heflin heard the news of the election on a hospital bed at his home town of Lafayette. He was stricken with lobar pneumonia more than two weeks ago, and was unable to vote for himself today.

CALIFORNIA

CLASSIC note on the economic status of the Underprivileged, as reported from the village of Richmond by the Associated Press:

Mr. and Mrs. Ben H. Jones, WPA workers, both own automobiles. She told Judge Leo Marcollo that while he was riding in his car Sunday night and she in hers, their autos crashed. She had Jones arrested for drunken driving.

THE Hollywood campaign against nudity in the films is supported stanchly by Miss Frances Farmer:

I wouldn't want to think that my only appeal to the public must be made on a purely physical basis.

COLORADO

PROMPT recognition of Christian talent is made by a churchman of

Denver, according to the *Rocky Mountain News*:

Byron (Whizzer) White (All-America football star, Phi Beta Kappa, and Rhodes scholar was given additional honors tonight when he was made a bishop in the Liberal Church, Inc., here by Bishop Frank H. Rice, president. And furthermore, an additional one was in store for him in the event he scores in the Cotton Bowl game Saturday.

In a wire to a Dallas newspaper last night, Mr. Rice said:

"Please advise Byron (Whizzer) White, Colorado football star, that the Liberal Church, Inc., has duly ordained him as Bishop of the Diocese of Gridiron All-Americans, with all the prerogatives, emoluments, benefits and stipends of the office and if he scores a touchdown in the Cotton Bowl game, he will be immediately elevated to the position of Archbishop in and for the Liberal Church, Inc. Amen.

BISHOP FRANK H. RICE."

KANSAS

THE true Christian spirit is invoked by an advertiser in the distinguished *Oberlin Herald*:

I'M SORRY

Last Friday night while my family and myself were in the M. E. church of Oberlin listening to a very good sermon by Reverend C. S. Calkins,

someone just outside the door was lead by the evil spirit to help themselves to a blanket in our car. And as the good Lord saw you take it I will give you a chance to repent and return the blanket next week to escape punishment that is in store for all who steal. Come to the same church next week and leave the blanket in the car with license No. 74-131. Thank you.

Sincerely,

EVALD RYDQUIST

MARYLAND

TRAVEL note from an impressed Americano, as reported by a subscriber to the esteemed Baltimore *Evening Sun*:

SIR: Yesterday morning, Tuesday, December 21, a friend of mine boarded a train at Columbus, Ohio, bound for Baltimore. Seated in the Pullman, his gaze wandered 'round the car and he spied a familiar figure. The First Lady of the land was his fellow-passenger.

Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt on the same train! My friend nearly toppled over with astonishment. He couldn't help but wonder why she had not engaged a compartment, why she was unaccompanied by flunkies. In fact, he reports, not even a Secret Service man was in sight. Just plain Mrs. Roosevelt.

And what did she do during the trip? Well, my friend's jaw dropped as he told me this. He seemed disappointed. As the train gathered speed, Mrs. Roosevelt, as *dégageé* as ever, settled back comfortably in her chair and soon her eyes closed, her mouth fell open slightly and the First Lady of the land—much to the awe and amazement of her fellow-passengers—snored! Not a loud, sawing rumble,

but a soft, snoozing whoosh. She was in gentle slumber.

GEORGE LEBOFF.

PENNSYLVANIA

AN UNREGENERATE Tory advertises his philosophy in the public prints of Johnstown:

For Sale.—My \$25,000 business for only \$17,500. Any New Dealer with cash and confidence in the New Deal era can cash in on this offer. Business was profitable until Governor Earle closed the local mills. Reason for selling: want to travel in Africa and escape the tax-rake.

OHIO

HELPFUL hint to the burgeoning young authors of the Republic, as advertised in the distinguished *Writer's Digest*:

PROSTITUTES' LINGO—Valuable to writers. Twenty cents. Box 0-3.

PUBLIC disavowal of immorality is filed by a burgher of Summersville in the pages of the *Richwood Gazette*:

Under date of December 16, 1937 in the *Richwood Gazette*, my name (I am ashamed to say) was mentioned as being a guest at a dance and card party given by Mrs. Nora Luellen of Summersville, Saturday, December 11. I feel very much hurt to have my name connected with an event of this nature. I ask all my friends in the church and elsewhere to refuse to believe this false statement. To the guilty person or persons, I beg them to never ask my forgiveness. Fred W. Shipley, R. D. No. 2, Richwood, O.

UTAH

THE medical worm finally turns in the prosperous village of Tooele, according to the *Transcript-Bulletin*:

CHANGE OF POLICY FOR 1938

In 1937 I delivered 75 babies in Tooele. I got paid for 50 of them in the most prosperous year in Tooele's history.

I do not need the experience, but I do need the sleep.

You have had nine months to prepare for this, therefore I will do no deliveries during 1938, that are not paid for before delivery takes place.

If I am not available at time, will refund the money.

DR. J. H. PECK.

IN OTHER NEW UTOPIAS

BERMUDA

REVIVAL of Christian spirit in the town of Hamilton, as reported in the *New York Times*:

The Bishop of Bermuda demonstrated his disapproval of the Duke of Windsor's romance this afternoon. The Bishop walked into a local newspaper office to pay his subscription and saw two photographs of the Duke and Duchess hung up behind the counter by a shopgirl admirer. He walked behind the counter and tore down the pictures.

CANADA

DOMESTIC imbroglio is settled in the public prints, as advertised in the *Fort Frances (Ontario) Times*:

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given that my wife, Gwendoline Bragg has left my house, food and bed, and that I will not be responsible for any indebtedness incurred by her hereafter.

LEO BRAGG

NOTICE!

In response to a notice regarding my having left my husband's bed and board, I wish it understood that the bed which I left was my own, and that I could not leave my husband's board, because he did not provide me with any home.

GWENDOLINE BRAGG

CHINA

THE Uplift rears its head in the wicked city of Hankow, according to a correspondent of the *New York Times*:

The Hankow branch of the Chinese Government has decreed the death penalty for government officials who are found dancing in cabarets. Loss of their office, fines, and prison sentences were decreed for officials who go to gambling places or who associate with sing-song girls.

ENGLAND

ESTHETIC experiment is undertaken in the municipality of York, according to the *London Daily Mail*:

Hundreds of dogs barked applause at the Odeon Cinema, York, yesterday afternoon when, with their owners, they had been invited to attend a special showing of the film *Storm in a Tea-Cup*, in which the star is Scruffy, a sheepdog. The audience included dogs of all shapes, sizes, and breeds, and they seemed fully to appreciate the film.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

Taxing Production to Death

WELL, the thing which this magazine has been a long time predicting seems to have arrived. I refer to what is delicately called the "recession in business". Far my own part, I did not look for it quite so soon, and I imagine it took most other observers by surprise, as well as myself; but apparently it is here. The surface of the situation shows some rather unusual features.

For instance, side by side with a thin and depressed stock market and a depressed state of industry (as of February 1), there exists a large healthy demand for capital goods. This is something of an anomaly. There is no doubt, I believe, that the demand for capital goods, both for replacement and expansion, but especially the former, is urgent. The trouble is that this demand is not an economic demand, in that it does not represent purchasing power; it represents only need and desire. A boy in front of a candy store with no money and no means of getting any, is not exerting an economic

demand, however much he likes candy, and however much his system needs sugar. Just so, concerns needing capital development have been unable to get funds for it, because the Administration's measures of control stood in the way. The undistributed profits tax, the capital-gains tax — two of the most ill-conceived taxes ever levied — and the equally prejudicial rules and requirements of the Securities Commission, under the pretext of "regulating" investors and investments, have simply combined to regulate them off the face of the earth, especially the large investor whose operations would naturally have tended to support the market. Thus new issues, no matter what their purpose or value, have been practically impossible to float; thus again, the market has been thinned down to a most unnatural degree of vulnerability, notwithstanding a plenitude of money knocking about, and a normal desire, on the one hand, to put it to use, and on the other to get hold of some of it for purposes of legitimate capital

development. Added to these deterrents, there has been, of course, the uncertainty about what unsound, ignorant, and vindictive financial policy the Administration would turn to next.

All these deterrents except the last, however, lie on the surface of things. If the Administration eases off on them, and if the business world is willing—though God knows why it should be—to put any confidence in its intentions, business may again take a temporary spurt ahead. In that case all would be quickly forgotten, perhaps forgiven, for such is our public's short-lived memory which politicians count on to let their misfeasances drop into oblivion. But as this magazine has consistently pointed out from the beginning, anything gained in this way is only for the moment. Reliance on it is merely reliance on a policy of prosperity by fits and starts; no hopes worth having can be built on it, and no one actually interested in his country's welfare should be satisfied with it. Progress by "breathing-spells" may be satisfactory to a person of Mr. Roosevelt's peculiar temperament, but the industrial statesman who aspires to be a bit more of a figure in his country's future than the common or garden variety of plug-ugly cap-

tain of industry, will find nothing in it to accept for a moment.

Such a person would naturally like to know how the fundamental laws of economics bear on the situation, so for a beginning I would suggest that he think carefully over an elementary truth which this magazine has repeatedly stressed, and follow out a few of its more obvious corollaries. This truth is that everything which is ever paid to anybody must come finally out of production. There is nowhere else for it to come from. Wages come out of production; so does interest, whether in the form of dividends or otherwise; so does upkeep; so do taxes; and so on. Wages are labor's share of production, interest is capital's share, and taxes are the government's share. (I am putting it roughly in order to be brief, but I think correctly.) It must be carefully observed, however, that the government's share is a first lien on production; whether wages and interest be paid or not, taxes must be paid; and governmental debts and deficits are a first lien on future production.

As wages, interest, or taxes or all three become excessive, prices rise; and as the excess continues, the rise continues up to the point of "what the traffic will bear"; and when that point is passed, production

falls off and a depression or "recession" sets in. There may be a way of automatically regulating wages and interest with full justice to both labor and capital; I think there is, but I am not concerned with that at the moment. I am concerned with pointing out that there is no similar way of regulating the government's share of production; it takes what it likes, and what it likes is oftentimes in the long run so excessive that there is too little left for labor and capital to go on with, and production breaks down.

I suggest that our industrialists and financiers, especially those who may be casting sheep's eyes at some American form of Fascism, might look over certain historical breakdowns in the light of this fact. There was France in 1789, for instance, when the government had taken so much out of production that there was not enough left to go around. They might also consider certain régimes at present struggling for existence, where the Fascist tail is now wagging the industrial and financial dog. In Italy, for example, as M. Mussolini said not long ago, "capital is at the orders of the State". Rather so. In fifteen years the government's share of production has mounted to the point of a stiff levy on capital, a stiff limitation of profits and divi-

dends, a forced loan on landed property, a confiscation of all foreign securities, and an almost complete control of current savings.

How do our industrialists and financiers like this picture, especially since by far the largest part of the Italian Government's takings have not been devoted to any social purposes, but to the government's own purposes, mostly imperialistic and martial? Not only in Fascist and Communist countries, but in so-called democratic countries as well, one can see the same state of things. The true inwardness of the trouble in present-day France, for instance, is that there is not enough production to keep the government going and to keep business going too, for what is produced costs so much that the people simply can't pay for it, and therefore business goes on three legs.

My purpose in writing is to raise in the minds of our representative businessmen the suspicion that something of the sort may be impending here. Some authorities, notably Mr. Moulton of the Brookings Institute, say that labor is taking too much out of production; it may be so. Others again, notably Mr. Lewis and the forward-looking brethren in Mr. Roosevelt's entourage, say that capital is taking

too much, and this also may be so. I would like to get our representative men to consider whether government, federal, state, and municipal, is not taking too much, and to forecast what will happen to production if it keeps on taking so much. I would like them also to scrutinize the purposes to which government devotes its takings, and to decide whether those purposes are worth pursuing at the price.

It is a hard exercise that I am proposing, because we have been trained for more than a century to regard government as a sort of omnipotent man-of-all-work, ready to be run to by anyone at any time, chiefly for discriminatory favors requiring an unscrupulous exercise of sheer force, and also for interventions to save us the trouble of using patience and headwork to get us out of any little difficulty that came our way. We never have considered the relative value of these services, as long as we got them, or cared what the government spent on providing them. Hence I admit it is hard to disengage our minds from this idea of the nature and purpose of government and see if it needs correction. But I for one see no way of getting ourselves out of our distressing economic tangles without revising this

idea, and if we are to revise it at all, we cannot begin too soon. I cannot go through the matter exhaustively, for that would require a treatise, so I shall make only one or two general observations which may serve as a starting-point for further thought on the subject.

On the one hand, we see that government is always eager to aggrandize itself by progressive encroachments on the liberties of the individual. On the other, we see that by our submissive eagerness to give government more and more to do, by our constantly inviting it into new fields of activity, we have encouraged those encroachments which, needless to say, all cost money. These reciprocating eagernesses, therefore, have not only tended to make the citizen a mere creature of the State, but have also enabled the State to increase enormously and continuously its levies upon production, both current and future. Obviously this course can have but one logical end. By going on giving the State more and more to do, we get to the point where, as in Italy, the State does everything, controls and directs everything; and by encouraging it to take for itself an ever larger share of production, we reach the point where labor's share and capital's do not come to enough to go on with.

If this end is thought undesirable, then the logical thing would be to reverse ourselves and give government less to do; and this idea starts a very interesting line of thought. How many things is it actually necessary — not merely convenient, but actually necessary — that government should do, and what are they? How many of those it is now doing, if necessary to be done at all, would be done better and cheaper by some other agency? How many economic and social difficulties would be better left to settle themselves by the operation of natural laws than dealt with out of hand by governmental interference; since in the end it is only natural law that does, or can, settle them? On this last point I make room for just one example which is much to the front at the moment. The Liberals of the last generation, perhaps taking their cue from latter-day British Liberalism, thought that government might be used as an instrument of “social welfare”. Were they right? Well, we are in the thick of a vast experiment with that theory, and the upshot of that experiment, so far, is that the federal government has put us more than thirty billion in debt, with virtually nothing to show for it. On the strength of this exhibit one would say they were wrong, and

this conclusion instantly gives rise to one of the most illuminating questions in the world, which is, Why were they wrong? Why cannot government be successfully used in that way? There is a reason, and a perfectly sound one. Let the reader think the matter over and see what he can make of it.

One other line of thought. Of all the things actually necessary for government to do, how many are being left for the larger units to do, which the smaller units could do better and cheaper? How many is the Federal Government doing, for instance, which the States could do better for themselves; how many are the States doing which the townships could do better; and so on? How many are they all doing which the individual citizen could do better, if they would merely keep their hands off him and let him alone?

If the reader thus mentally shaves down the functions of government to those for which he can give irrefutable evidence of necessity, I predict he will find them much fewer than he thinks. Then if he mentally redistributes those functions among the smaller and larger governmental units in the way I have indicated, he will find that the larger ones have but little to do. Those functions which he

would concede to be legitimate are no doubt highly important, but they are very few. Finally he will emerge with the conviction, I believe, that the less government has to do, the closer it sticks to its unquestionably necessary functions, the more efficient it is; and obviously, the less there is for it to do, the less it costs, *i.e.*, the less it takes out of production and the less its share of production, the greater the shares of labor and capital, and the less the chance of general collapse. After all, we could keep our heads up with labor and capital getting their full shares, even if government went on short rations; but the other way around, we could hardly hope to do so for any length of time. No nation ever yet did it, though many have tried.

I doubt that my suggestions will

interest our politicians especially, and therefore they may be regarded as of no practical use. They are not meant for politicians, however, so if the revamped Republican Party sees nothing in them, I shall not be disappointed. They are meant for such of our industrialists and financiers, if any, who believe as I do that we are not going to be brought out of the doldrums unless and until somebody begins to do some fundamental thinking, and who believe accordingly that fundamental thinking is the most practical thing that anyone can propose. As a starter, I have merely suggested a couple of lines along which it seems to me that fundamental thinking could profitably proceed. If any better suggestions can be offered, I shall be glad to withdraw mine and accept them.





POETRY

SIX MONTHS TO LIVE

BY RALPH FRIEDRICH

SURELY to lean upon
The imminence of doom
Was her last luxury.
The prospect of the tomb

Endowed her with her first
And ultimate renown.
And she, betrothed of Death,
Moved proudly through the town.

POLITICAL RALLY

BY FRANCES HALL

THE common folk move slowly, troubled, home —
Have they not just seen Caesar's robe, sword-stained,
And heard themselves with solemn skill arraigned
As being, by their heedlessness, alone
At fault for woes they had not dreamed their own?
Have they not heard a great voice, unrestrained,
Tell them what unused power their hands contained?
Their throats are tight on words. They had not known.

Tonight when lights are out on little streets,
Good men who need their rest will lie awake,
Holding their duty fast in thoughts tight-curved,
Forcing the weary mind that daily treats
With doing sums to try for freedom's sake
To solve the bad bookkeeping of the world.

SHE MARVELS OVER WHAT THEY SAY

BY HELENE MULLINS

“**I**T CANNOT last,” they said to me,
When I with Love went dancing.
“The end is always ruthlessly
And quietly advancing.”
But I knew better, being young,
And I would not endeavor
To understand a dismal tongue;
My dance would last forever.

Now that with Pain I’m lying prone,
“It cannot last,” they tell me,
And in a calm and soothing tone
Endeavor to compel me
To be assured the end will come.
But though it chafe or grieve them,
I find their comfort wearisome;
I still do not believe them.

FARM KITCHEN

BY LOUIS STODDARD

THERE is nothing beyond the door can harm us
If we go out and walk the odorous aisle
Between the stacks of wood and the wall that bounds
The world on the north these January nights.
Or you could go to the other door and let
The frost come in out of the night where stars
Sparkle high and far out of reach of the straining mind.
It would do no good. There is no way out of here.
Here in this room are the weapons we have to face.
Like a knife-duel when the wrists are tied together
We slash and stab at the breast locked close to ours.

HILL PATH

BY JOHN RUSSELL MCCARTHY

NOTHING of them is chisled in the granite, no word
Pulls grotesquely at the blanket bark of trees;
The trail's clay denies their footprints, choosing the deer;
Yet the hill may never be quit of them while it lives:
A girl's low laughter will purl down the canyon
While there are bees to fan the mountain lilac,
And, old in dust or new in rain, the sage
Will not quite rid its breath of a man's despair.

THE GOOD WIFE

BY ELSIE FRY LAURENCE

JUST because she had married him,
Half her life
She lived with him quietly, kindly,
As his wife.

But when death, the conspirator,
Softly crept,
And took him quickly away from her,
As he slept,
Tears came running from her, who had
Never cried,
And a pain too sharp to be borne
Was in her side.

No one knew that the tears were a
Creek of Spring,
Long frozen over, and running, yes, running
Out to sing.

THE LIBRARY

*The Passing of the White Man*¹

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

I REMEMBER an afternoon, when I was Officer of the Day in the Legation Guard in Peking, and our Colonel, an experienced man of thoughtful mind, walked with me on the Tartar Wall in the brilliant North China sunshine. We leaned on the warm masonry of the bastion this side of the Chien Mên, and looked down into the human stream that flows noisily and without ceasing from the Tartar City into the Chinese City, one of the sights of the world. There pass, night and day, between the triple-roofed pagoda and its guard tower, camels and rickshas and motor cars, Peking carts and little loaded donkeys, and coolies loaded beyond what a beast would carry, and soldiers and priests and *shimbos*, and students and merchants and clerks, and fat old ladies and slim young ladies in flowered gowns, and, like chips borne along on a flood, occasional foreign tourists. The impression is one of age-

less vitality and contained energy, not spasmodic, but inevitable: you feel the vastness and fecundity of Asia behind it and around it. And the Colonel remarked, reflectively, that the great surges and mass impulses of mankind, in recorded times, have always flowed from East to West: never, with any serious effect, from West to East.

If you stop to think about it, the thing is true. Out of the East proceeded the infections and the pressures which broke up the Roman order. Some profound disturbance in deep Asia spewed forth the Goths and the Vandals. Behind them Attila came trampling. After him the Moslem wave inundated the Mediterranean shores and lapped into France as far as Tours, and left its mark forever on the Iberian Peninsula, and the south of France. Subaoti, the marshal of Genghis, with his Mongol horsemen, rode the width of the world, up to the Baltic provinces and into

¹ *Retreat of the West*, by No-Yong Park. \$3.00. Hale, Cushman & Flint.

the Danube plain; and when the Mongols receded, they left behind Prince Juchi's Kipchaks, the Golden Horde, who troubled eastern Europe for five hundred years, and vitalized Russia with the Tartar blood. The Turk very nearly had Vienna in 1529, and again in 1683, when John Sobieski broke him there. Don Juan of Austria, in 1571, beat his seapower at Lepanto; and the last three hundred years, the East has not been aggressive. But three hundred years is not long in the perspective of history. Today the East is stirring again.

As for the West, there was, in the fourth century before Christ, Alexander's raid to the Indus, which opened a road. There was the brief spasm of the Crusades, contained on the littoral of the Eastern Mediterranean, and flung back upon its bases within a hundred years. Otherwise, right into modern times, the West has stood on the defensive, and not always successfully. With the period of exploitation that followed the age of discovery, it made certain material lodgements in the East, but these owe much to special circumstance, and are now, admittedly, of precarious tenure.

Such things, with others, are considered by Dr. No-Yong Park, Ph.D. of Harvard, a pupil of Dr.

Blakeslee and otherwise highly recommended. He has illuminated American lecture-halls from the University of Oregon to the University of Texas, and the superior New England cloisters also. From his picture, I would guess that he is a Yangtze-valley man; certainly he is not from the moon-faced people of South China, or the big-boned Northerners. His theme is *The Retreat of the West*; and he discusses with penetration the trend of affairs in Asia today. The interesting thing to me is that he, a Chinese, writes not as a scholar of the Three Kingdoms, but as an Asiatic. He deals objectively with the Japanese, and I think he is a little proud of them. This, in a Chinese commentator, is unusual. The Chinese have the profound courtesy of an ancient civilization. Habitually they are gracious enough to conceal what they really think of the outer Barbarians, and their humility goes beyond all pride. But the Doctor has a Western education superimposed upon his inherited processes; and the conclusions he reaches are not comforting to persons who cherish the idea of white supremacy.

Moving rapidly through the centuries to modern times, he reviews the assaults and conquests of the East, offering for edification

a comparison between Attila the Hun and Kaiser Wilhelm II, in which the Prussian shows very badly: and he concludes: "One of the secrets of the white man's rise to power is to be found in his tutelage under the Asiatic Conquerors." The Doctor is welcome to his opinion: but in those centuries the Saracens, the Huns, and the Mongols were snatching at the eastern fringes of Europe, the European States were compartmented affairs, intent upon their own squabbles. Neither Pope nor Emperor, after the extraordinary flowering of energy that produced the Crusades, was ever able to interest the western European rulers in Eastern adventure, for defense or offense. Asia, those years, was bracketed in the world of fancy with Cipango—that is, Japan; Cathay, which was to say, China; Hi-Brazil, and the Lost Atlantis. Except a very few individuals, the West was both ignorant and indifferent. Gog and Magog, the Old Man of the Mountain, Prester John, and Kublai Khan were vaguely the same person in the minds of the knights and statesmen of Froissart's time. Certain information of a tactical character was brought back from the Crusades, and transmitted slowly Westward from the Teutonic Knights

and the defenders of the Hungarian marches: but neither in war nor statecraft have I been able to find those improving derivations from Eastern lore which this author hails. Dr. No-Yong Park considers, further, that "Europe might have escaped the Dark Ages sooner, had not the Arabian invasion been interfered with by Charles Martel, the man who was heralded as a savior". Spain enjoyed those blessings for some centuries; but I must leave to more learned men the evaluation of Spain's Eastern heritage and the influence it transmitted to the European cultures. Superficially, I do not think the Doctor's point is proved.

Tracing recent events, the Doctor is on firmer ground. The road Alexander opened, between the Bosphorus and deep Asia, was never altogether closed. But the traders, the merchants—not the dynasts nor the conquerors—kept it open. When the West advanced, it was in the way of commerce: adventurous mariners in frail ships, financed by grasping fellows in counting houses, seeking a thousand per cent in the way of profit on the import of silks and ivories, tea and pearls, and scented woods and spices. And the West had, in its crude and blundering way, per-

fected two important accomplishments: navigation, a Phoenecian art; and the use of gunpowder, first attributed to the Chinese. The one brought the Western ships to Asiatic markets: the other, philosophically applied, induced a local tolerance of commerce. Further, the East has ever had an eye for profitable barter, and there were desirable things in the high-sided ships. India, Malaya, and China, lapped in their ancient cultures, contemptuously granted footholds.

The Westerners, once planted, increased on the ground. Dr. No-Yong Park traces the adventures of the Portuguese, whose settlement was Macao; the Dutch, who gradually consolidated the Malay Archipelago; the Spanish, who established themselves in the Philippines; the French, who seized the empire of Indo-China; the British, who came comparatively late, took India, then spread to the China Coast; and the Americans, who came later, with the Open Door gospel in their mouths, in the year 1794. Last of all were the Germans, not, before 1871, equipped for extra-continental adventures. And the Doctor deals very fairly with the Opium War, whereby China's belated effort to close her ports again was frustrated: and with the Taiping Rebellion. These chapters

he calls: "Advance of the West."

In fact, China, during the nineteenth century, awoke to disquieting considerations. China was well accustomed to invaders. From the misty prehistoric ages she had endured successive waves of conquerors, mostly from the north. The Liao Tartars, the Chin Tartars, the Mongols, and the Manchus, were only the last four, comparatively modern. The Yellow Emperor built the Great Wall about the beginning of the Christian Era, or a little earlier. And China had learned, in two millenniums, that invasions were nothing serious. The outer barbarians came, accomplished only in war, ignorant of all that engages a superior man. They conquered with arms; they admired the arts and sciences and living habits of the conquered; they imitated; and they became more Chinese than the Chinese, and were absorbed: and old China went on as before. Such was the course of the Iron Tartars and the Golden Tartars, the terrible Mongols, and the iron-capped Manchu princes.

But in these pale-faced Westerners, of all barbarians the most grotesque and improbable in Chinese eyes—men smelling of corpses, meat-eaters, with pale ghost-eyes, and extraordinary hair, and in-

credible rudeness and violence—they realized a phenomenon: barbarians not impressed with the excellence of Chinese civilization and its superiority, and without desire to imitate it. And for the first time, something like fear ran through the yellow masses. Fear and a doubt. Thus from the year of the Opium War in the 1840's to the World War, the Westerners prevailed in China. They laid their hands on the desirable sea-ports and bound them in with treaties; they extended their spheres up the great rivers that were the highways of internal commerce; they even erected, in Peking under the nose of the Sublime Emperor, a city of their own. The Boxer movement was Imperial China's last spasm of protest. Of the Eastern peoples, only Japan retained complete national integrity. And Japan was forcibly opened by an American Squadron, Commodore Perry and his black ships, in the mid-century. . . . It is interesting to speculate on the trend of events if an English squadron, or a French, had opened Japan. But Japan is another chapter.

When the World War broke out, China was well-dominated by the West. Gunboats patrolled the rivers. Foreign concessions thrived in the treaty ports. Chinese went

clad in cotton cloth from Western looms, and the pushing Westerners ran about at will, building railroads, upsetting old customs, putting strange ideas in the heads of the young, and living in China under their own outland laws. That they brought with them gospels, hospitals, sanitation, and modern transportation methods, as well as the telephone and the telegraph; that they opened schools and spent much money on Chinese suffering, is beside the point: nor does Dr. No-Yong Park allow it to distract him from his major premise.

With the World War, the East beheld a marvelous thing: the white masters tearing each other to pieces. The concussions on the other side of the globe reverberated. Hordes of coolies were recruited for labor in the war zones, and returned to verify the rumor that the foreign devils were killing each other off to an extent beyond the most sanguine expectations. All China observed the internment and oppression of the Germans by their fellow whites. And China was presently to receive the verminous mass of Russian refugees, outcasts of the earth, and to stand grinning while Chinese *shimbos* in the north maltreated vagrant white Russians, unreprieved by any punitive expedition. Furthermore, it

was known that the white man had been obliged to call in black, brown, and yellow men to fight his battles for him: and the Japanese were, in fact, his allies!

. . . Following the Boxer Trouble, the white men had caused to be erected, at that spot on Hatamên Street in Peking where the Brotherhood of Benevolent Fists pulled the German Minister from his chair and butchered him, a memorial arch of white marble, crowned with blue tile, and suitably inscribed: the lesson, ever-present, was that white men must be respected. Some time after the Armistice, the International Guard of the Legation Quarter, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Italians, Americans, incited by victory to patriotic rioting, tore it down. If you wished to put your finger on one moment and one act, you might say and not be far off the truth: With that arch fell the prestige of the West in Eastern eyes. . . . They could not, it was proved, stand together, these Westerners. So begins the Retreat of the West, which is the burden of Dr. No-Yong Park's final chapters.

II

The World War left even its victors exhausted, bled out, indisposed

to further exertion. Each nation had its domestic troubles. Asia was a long way off. When Japan, fresh and undrained, began to test the old restrictions and usages, they gave, and there was nothing to shore them up, no Imperial Russia frowning across the Amur to say: Thou shalt not, as in 1894; no swift English Squadron to run in under the Taku Forts with its guns trained out; only the Americans to bleat with tiresome persistence some nonsense about Notes and Treaties and Agreements. And the steps are traced: the Germans and the Russians bow perforce under the new conditions: the Western powers show in all things a sweet reasonableness, and are willing to discuss, if not yet to accept, the vexed question of extraterritoriality. And the Doctor analyzes the Japanese policy now convulsing the Orient with violent action.

He tells his story, as I have noted, with a sort of continental pride. Asia is moving up: the West, exhausted, is receding. Japan leads the advance: she has learned capably the methods of the West and now applies them. Not quite ready for world conquest, she makes herself secure on the continental mainland by bringing China under her arms; and one of the steps is the expulsion of the Western irritants

from the Chinese scene. This she undertakes indirectly, undermining prestige, a thing vital in the East. So the East sees H. B. M. Ambassador machine-gunned under the Union Jack, a thing without precedent: and a United States gunboat bombed and sunk, evoking from the Americans a magnificent self-restraint. The East knows nothing and cares less for the bland "So Sorrow" that pacifies the Western foreign offices, but the East has seen the events themselves, and noticed with interest that no equivocal reaction follows: and draws therefrom inevitable conclusions. England, the Doctor comments, falls back on Singapore; and he praises the altruism of the United States, retiring from the Philippines — no word here of beet sugar and a tariff wall — but let him tell it. His concluding pages are pitched on the highest of planes: "The Retreat of the West may mean, not the decline of the West or the downfall of a particular race, but the dawn of a new civilization, the civilization which will truly deserve the appellation, civilization."

He may be right. Looking back across the centuries which are recorded, and guessing at events in the mist beyond them, you see the ruins of many civilizations. The

Sumerians were great and flourished until the Hittites rolled over them; and there were important Pharaohs; and Rome made a noise in the world for a long time; and the Mayans and the Incas and the Aztecs were mighty peoples in their time. Our White Supremacy is no ancient thing. If you eliminate what our wise men have taken or adapted from the ancient Eastern cultures, our contributions to civilization are largely military and mechanical. In the first is perhaps the seed of our destruction: we have persistently throughout our history killed off our best breeding-stock in war. And in the machines we have raised to rule us buzzes the restless devil that drives us on. How can the industrialized West, geared to supply the markets of the world, shrink to the measure of its own consumption?

No student of history finds ground to hope that White Supremacy will last forever; that it is exempt from the laws that have reared other civilizations, brought them to full flower, and cut them down. With nations as with individuals there is a period of vigorous growth, and the more vigorous the more heedless; thereafter a period of consolidation; and then a period of decay. When a thing ceases to grow, when energy flags, it has be-

gun to die. And in its room something else arises. The more complex and highly organized the thing, the quicker it falls into dissolution. There are some gloomy philosophers who assert that civilization itself is a softening and a decay; which is another way of saying that all life holds within it the germ of its extinction. And as the others passed, we of the West will pass.

Yet one may wonder if the time has come; if the white man has altogether lost his virtue and his will to rule; if, as the Doctor considers, the weapons are about to drop from the nerveless fingers of the paleface. Certainly Russia, and the hungry powers of continental Europe, have trouble enough at home, and scant energies to spare in adventures on the other side of the world. But the British Empire is not entirely devitalized. Her formula of Empire reduces to simple terms. It has been: if the other fellow is costing you money, fight him. She disposed of the Spaniards, the Dutch, the French, and the Germans, by war. Her stake in Asia is very large, too large to surrender tamely. The advance of which the Doctor speaks has hit her first and hardest. Her cotton

and tobacco markets in China are dominated by Japan: Japan's textiles undersell hers in India, and even in Egypt the Japanese bagmen now intrude themselves and their attractive fabrics. Up to this time, the British Empire has been willing to fight for such things, and she may have one more fight in her belly.

Then there is the United States. Events have brought to these shores most of the world's wealth. In all the things that make for power, she is very strong. Her genial altruism flows from the happy circumstance that she has never yet had to face those brutal facts of existence which hardened the national characters of the Europeans. Her Asiatic investments are negligible; and when Mr. Cordell Hull talks about an obligation to maintain international order, his people yawn in his face. But the United States, properly stimulated, is capable of upsetting the calculations of reasonable nations—even of the Japanese. And the Japanese strength is a brittle strength.

We can only wait and see. Meanwhile, Dr. No-Yong Park has written a very provocative book.

THE OPEN FORUM

THE PRESIDENTIAL WIFE

SIR: In recent years our country has acquired a new ruler — a ruler who obtains her position in as completely an undemocratic manner as did any czar who ever lived. A man is elected President and then, when he moves into the White House, behold, a woman steps up from somewhere and is revealed as his wife. Soon she is running about the country making speeches, purporting to represent the Administration, and generally acting as the duly elected co-ordinate ruler of the country. This state of things is deplored by many old-fashioned people, but clearly it is here to stay. The presidency has become a diarchy like the two kings of Sparta or the two consuls of Rome. Consequently, unless we wish to give up all pretense of popular rule, we must face the problem of how to regularize the position of the new ruler so as to fit her into our constitutional system.

Under that system high officials are chosen in only two ways. Either they are elected, or they are appointed by an elected official with the consent of the Senate. The latter of these methods has, from earliest times, been regarded by many people as an anomaly, carried over from eighteenth-century England. Yet it is the purest democracy when compared with a system which permits anyone to occupy one of the most important positions in government simply because her charms appealed thirty years before to a man who was later to receive the suffrage of his fellow citizens. If we wish to save our democratic traditions, we must adopt a constitutional amendment which will provide a method, in harmony with those traditions, for the selection of the President's wife.

The form which the amendment should

take would seem to be obvious. The President's wife should either be elected by popular vote or by an electoral college. She has for a long time been regarded as the symbol of the womanhood of the nation and for this reason it might be well to consider the advisability of limiting the suffrage in her election to women. Such a scheme would have the further advantage of allaying the fears of those who dread the election of Madame Perkins to the Presidency, since if the office of one of the two consuls of the Republic is given exclusively to the women, in justice they must allow the men to have the other one. If such a division is not made, it will be necessary, in connection with the proposed constitutional amendment, to set up machinery for the election of a President's husband rather than a President's wife in the contingency of the election of a woman to the Presidency. The complexities which would be necessary to make such machinery workable are a serious obstacle, but its use would at least have the advantage of removing all objection to the substitution of the elected consort of the President for that useless official, the Vice-President. If the latter is retained, it would seem that his wife should be selected in the same manner as the President's and should succeed to the position of President's wife in the event of the death or conviction on impeachment of the woman elected to the latter position.

But the proposed amendment must go much further than the observed instance of a leader and a co-leader. If there were a Presidential spouse in addition to the consort selected for that official by the electorate, much of the good to be expected from the constitutional reform would be lost.

Such a spouse would still, undoubtedly, act as she does at present, that is, as a co-ordinate ruler of the people. To remedy this defect the proposed amendment should provide that every President is, upon his election, *ipso facto* divorced and can contract no matrimonial engagement during his tenure of office other than with the wife the sovereign people have provided for him.

KENNETH B. UMBREIT

New York City.



HASTENING THE REVOLUTION

SIR: I, too, am mad at Dr. Roosevelt. He has spoiled my fun. If it hadn't been for him, his eccentric accomplices, and economic elixirs, you and the rest of the old-fashioned scribes who make a living by calling him Doc would, if still above ground, be skittering up an alley one jump ahead of a "human cull". And that, pal, would be more entertaining than anything I have seen under the present régime. I am mad at Dr. Roosevelt because he fosters unemployment. If it hadn't been for his dogooding, every adult Reliever with the guts of a sick rabbit would now be gainfully, or at least gleefully, employed at bomb and trigger work. (What has Spain got that we haven't?) And it would be a welcome novelty to hear gilt-edged whiners and their literary stooges with something really serious to whine about.

But I have a hunch you are just kidding when you publish all those soul-searing jibes at Our President. It just isn't reasonable for intelligent folk (come, sir, no blushing) to hate their benefactors. Not only has Doc Roosevelt provided you with themes on which you can write almost like Mencken, but he has been kinder than you suspect toward people you really care about. Suppose, just for fun, you were big enough to kick Dr. Roosevelt off the throne tomorrow and turn the Liberty Leaguers and other precious people out of the federal hogan and back into the cornfield. They would, of course, end up with a bigger

bellyache than before, and not from castor oil. When their squealing got beyond human endurance there would again be embarrassing headlines about unconstitutional pig-sticking. And, bang, the flower and chivalry of America would be only a wistful memory. Naturally, along with them would disappear a goodly passel of their volunteer press agents and ghost-writers. Guess who? Like you, pal, I am mad at Doc Roosevelt because he has a kind heart. He has made America so tame that bankers, brokers, and other respectable swindlers have found it safe to come up out of their dugouts and tell dirty stories about him. Today, on account of Doc, you can't name three of our better people investing in steel vests, armored cars, or machine-guns for the house beautiful. Security? They wallow in it.

But this unnatural condition can't go on much longer. Dr. Roosevelt's day is waning. His tussle with the lost cause and forlorn hope is about at an end. In spite of his brave smile he knows deep in his secret heart there is no legislative cure for human depravity. Only a hole in the ground. And I am glad. For if by any work of magic he should continue to succeed in saving our gilded boobies and their adoring flunkies from the fate they so richly deserve, my belief in ultimate justice would vanish and my faith in God decline. I am no sadist, but I like my fun. I want to live to see a Tom Girdler in the White House. I want to see Big Business back in command, proudly strutting to the ash heap. I want to see the budget balanced now, before I grow too old to enjoy the somber consequences.

And should the "human culls" make too much ado about exercising their constitutional right to starve with dispatch and decency, I want to see Mencken and all his hack imitators lead the American Legion against them. For Mencken, like a lot of Legion heroes, hasn't yet smelled powder outside a bawdyhouse, and probably not that for a long time. And it is my belief that every frustrated Hitler should have at least one chance to hustle an old woman

before the mob catches up with him.

And now, pal, for the customary salve to the editor and publisher. I read each copy of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* with wistful care, because I, too, want to learn the trick of making money out of a chronic belly-ache. I have a dandy.

*Manson,
Iowa.*

HORACE A. LOVE

views you represent. It doesn't need much gray matter to gather you're against Roosevelt and the New Deal, Hitler, Mussolini, and particularly Stalin and dozens of other big and little things. What the hell are you for?

NEAL TYFIELD

*Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire,
England.*

PAGING MR. PEAKE

SIR: I have just read comments on Peveral H. Peake's article about Sherman's march through the South. I would like to ask two questions:

(1) Is Peveral H. Peake white or black?

(2) Is he a 1941 Freshman or 1941 Sophomore at the University of Idaho?

WALTER G. CRAWLEY, JR.

*Homerville,
Georgia.*

TREADING ON GHOSTLY TOES

SIR: As a matter of policy and as one who has been a subscriber because of the splendid fight you make for the preservation of the Republic, I am wondering why you allow Mr. Mencken to insult the Spiritualist and Christian Scientist, as you do. (See page eleven, first column, January issue.) To alienate from the anti-New Deal ranks the millions of spiritualists and many Christian Scientists in this country gives the politicians seeking to promote a dictatorship an opportunity to simply show them what the anti-New Deal fellows are saying. The people, in churches and out, who know that the dead communicate, number millions, and to insult them is not gentlemanly.

OWEN R. WASHBURN

*Guilford,
Vermont.*

AN HONEST QUERY

SIR: I've read your publication on and off for three or four years and find it interesting. One thing eludes me, and that is what

EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES FOR ALL

SIR: "I've never heard a hard luck story without doing a little investigating. . . . I've never found one authentic case where bad luck kept a good man down." — Channing Pollock in the April, 1937, *MERCURY*. In view of the above I take it that the bad luck suffered by Mr. Pollock's "Ten Forgotten Men" in the December *MERCURY* — all of it, incidentally, attributable to the policies of Dictator "Franklin the First" and none of it to any possible errors of judgment or lack of capacity on the part of the ten — will be of only temporary duration and that the qualities which enabled them to rise in the first place will put them back in their former stations. They will thus finally be able to thank "Dr. Roosevelt" for furnishing them the opportunities to show the stuff that was really in them.

ROGER C. HACKETT

*Balboa,
Canal Zone.*

TOO LATE

SIR: If I could be, for just one week, The President, and not be meek,

I'd declare a national holiday
Tell Wall Street men: "Go out and play."

I'd look at the money in the Mint
Say: "Gimme some, I'm President."

Then I'd warn Congress 'gainst passing bills
To cure the country of its ills

I'd say to them, and make 'em wroth:
"Too many cooks will spoil the broth."

I'd tell the Cabinet, one by one:
 "Now you lay off, I want my fun."

But this, my dream, will never be
 For someone's done it all, I see.

RAYMOND GROW

*Gary,
 Indiana.*



ORCHID DEPARTMENT

SIR: Clouds are slowly gathering in the west. The wind has been blowing as a gale for many days, but now it has become a gentle whisper. The glorious sun which has long sent its rays to warm a frigid world is slowly descending from view. Soon all will be darkness, and sadness will permeate the hearts of the people.

Have I gone completely balmy, you ask? No, I am just bidding farewell to an old friend who will soon shuffle off this mortal coil and be no more. The friend? Oh, I almost forgot to tell you — why it's a small bundle of scrap paper, flimsily tied together, sheathed in wrappings of lurid color, and passing under the name, *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*.

Ah, yes, it makes me sad to think of it. It is almost like losing a member of my family. For lo, these many years I have been a constant reader of this magazine. I have followed its meanderings for two reasons: 1. Because it has amused me; 2. Because at times it has stimulated me. I am sorry to say that it has seldom instructed, but then, one cannot ask for too much. But alas, now it neither amuses nor instructs nor stimulates. The dear old *AMERICAN MERCURY* has degenerated into — well, the only thing I can compare it to is cheap whisky, generously diluted with water.

As I say, it all makes me rather sad. Of course, one is always sad on the demise of an old friend. But when an individual has outlived his usefulness, it is better that he depart with as much grace as possible. Prolongation of life can only make matters worse. My sadness is eased somewhat when

I realize that, after all, the editors have only themselves to blame. When a person lets his vital organs degenerate without seeking expert advice, he has only himself to blame if he dies. And that is exactly what has happened to *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*. Right now it possesses about as much stamina as a jellyfish, and its life will be about as short.

There was a time when I kept the latest issue of *THE MERCURY* in a prominent place on my desk. I was proud to let people know that I was broadminded enough to read its iconoclastic effusions. When it became a small magazine I still read it, but kept it in a drawer out of sight. During the past few months I must confess I deny all connection with it. Oh, I still buy it of course. But I read it when no one else is about. I don't want my friends to think that I am sentimental enough to read it for old time's sake, or weak-minded enough to read it for what it now contains.

JOHN ROSSEL

*Baltimore,
 Maryland.*

SIR: I have been getting your magazine and some of the articles I enjoy reading very much. But when I read your political articles I become very angry, to find them all knocking the President of the United States. I think that when you look about you, you should be glad that you do not live in Asia or Europe, and that we have such an able exponent of peace as Franklin D. Roosevelt. I shall vote and work for him should the Party run him again in 1940. You talk of tradition. What is tradition when the good of the country is at stake?

You will undoubtedly throw this letter into the waste-paper basket but I had to get it off my mind.

E. H. MATHEWS

*New Hope,
 Pennsylvania.*

SIR: In the old days, *THE MERCURY* was a magazine of genuine Liberalism. Today, it has degenerated into a mouthpiece for Big

Business, the Republican Party, Wall Street, William Green, and the American Fascists. Why not print a financial statement some time, revealing the true source of your income?

GEORGE E. MONDELL

*Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: Many thanks for keeping your magazine the fine instrument of resistance to hokum that it is. Many thanks in particular for your fine features by Oland D. Russell on human-interest incidents in contemporary American history.

May I express my appreciation for Albert Jay Nock's article in the January issue. Mr. Nock can always be counted on to deliver an excellent piece of work and I think "The State of the Union" is your best regular department.

Features I especially appreciate in THE MERCURY are "The Check List", "Americana", and "The Open Forum". Nearly every month, at least one or two of the brilliant expositions in "The Forum" are worthy of space up front. Congratulations on your magazine, and may it grow better and better with each new dose of hokum from Washington.

HARRY T. REASONER

*Minneapolis,
Minnesota.*

SIR: It is with real regret that I terminate my subscription to a once-great magazine, the now un-American MERCURY. I am so completely out of sympathy with its own lack of sympathy for the underprivileged, its vicious attacks on the President and the New Deal which has alleviated so much suffering, organized labor, the Soviet Union, the Spanish people fighting bravely for freedom against great odds; and its articles on all these subjects are so heavily biased and require such copious doses of salt, that its usefulness to me is over. THE MERCURY's articles on the Soviet Union, for example, might be the fulminations of a priest in a

Catholic periodical, and its diatribes on the CIO and organized labor might emanate from the Jersey City Chamber of Commerce.

For some years I have observed this tendency spreading over the magazine like a disease, but have kept up my subscription or bought it on the newsstands in the hope that an infusion of new blood in the editorial staff would effect a cure; but the condition seems to have become chronic, and will probably end fatally. THE MERCURY has become a hybrid among magazines, neither Radical nor Liberal nor conservative, neither fish, flesh nor fowl, nor good red herring. As a source of information on such subjects as those enumerated, its value is pretty nearly zero.

There is another reason why renewal is inadvisable in my case. I have a weak heart, you know, and have to be careful. It is conceivable that some day some paragraph favorable to the Soviet Union might elude the editor's vigilance and appear in your columns, and the shock would certainly kill me. Of course, I know from my own experience with several letters I sent you on the subject of the Soviet Union, all of which were good and none of which was printed, that there is but little chance of that happening. But why take that chance?

SAMUEL BUCK

New York City.

SIR: I would like to pick up a copy of THE MERCURY some time and find in it an article containing constructive thought. What you are trying to do is encourage world lawlessness under the cloak of Liberal words. I, for one, don't agree with such muddled thinking. But then, muddled thinking is the one thing you seem to enjoy. Why don't you take a week off some time, and examine world affairs with a realistic eye?

FERDINAND L. BONNER

*Brooklyn,
New York.*

SIR: I have held back the expression of my pent-up admiration for the ability and

policy of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for a long time, but after reading your November issue, I feel you deserve all the tribute and encouragement we readers can give. I feel we should now give you any tribute of appreciation educated readers can bestow.

No opposition to the Townsend Plan principles is valid, without a logical reason, and so far all opposition reasons invalidate themselves self-evidently.

WALTER CECIL-COX

Denver,
Colorado.

SIR: Although not dull, your magazine gets more unreadable every issue. Your "Americana" and book reviews are good. Your Red-baiters are crude (your logic in several of those articles is drowned out by and sacrificed to blatant shrieking), your stories lousy — except Thomas Wolfe. Keep this up and you'll soon lose *all* your circulation and advertising.

S. KAPETANSKY

Detroit,
Michigan.



IN PRAISE OF A.J.N.

SIR: How long will you permit that opinionated ass to bray? It was fun for a while, but honestly, everybody's weary of Mr. Nock's goonish mind and tractor touch. His latest prose lyric, "What The Republicans Won't Do", written partially under the bite of previous criticisms, I'll venture, attempts to be constructive. And it becomes clear that Mr. Nock is new here. He sloughs around.

Let me tell you, Thoreau is with me a favorite philosopher. I resent your hauling him in as an early harbinger of *laissez-faire* in the democratic economy (via Le Nock). If all men were like Thoreau, they would stand lots of leaving alone. But some men are like Mr. Nock. Thoreau would not have called unemployed persons "wastrels". The name *Thoreau* should never have gushed from your typewriter, Mr. Nock. It was a kind of sacrilege. You cannot pretend to

have read understandingly men like The Hermit.

I will not try to be subtle with you. You are not a thinker. You are a moron (making it natural for you to believe that all persons are morons). You are not a writer. I do not know what really you are in a tippy-turvy reportorial world, but you are not anything you pose to be. Something should be done about you. You are a case. Aside from your ideas or lack of them, no intelligent reader will forgive the "Omniscient Attitude". There are degrees and degrees of puerility. You are at one degree, Mr. Nock, looking arrogantly back at the one you have just left.

Why couldn't all we knockers of Mr. Nock contribute toward a fund for his education in some reliable vocational school? I should be glad to contribute the sum of a year's subscription to THE MERCURY.

JIM HOUGHTON

Everett,
Washington.

SIR: Albert Jay Nock needs no defense; and he is fully capable of conducting his own counter-attack, as and when intelligent criticism may appear. I am glad to note he remains unperturbed as the *illiterati* reveal their achievements under our system of wholesale mis-education.

While these devoted worshipers at the shrine of the posturing Great Heart have been engaged in the defense of their clownish hero in the White House, I have been browsing among those delightful essays in Mr. Nock's volume, *Free Speech and Plain Language*. If the lads fulminating so furiously against Mr. Nock's gentle indictments were capable of reflection, I would commend the essays to their attention; but in all truth, they class themselves indubitably among those whom Mr. Nock terms "the uneducable". The poor devils cannot even read, much less reflect upon what they read.

J. E. FULLER

Minneapolis,
Minnesota.

VITAL STATISTICS

SIR: Here are some figures for you:

I'm tired — oh, so tired — of the whole
New Deal

Of the Joggler's smile; the Barker's spiel;
Of the mushy speech and the loud Bassoon;
And tiredest of all of our Leader's croon.

Tired of taxes on my ham and eggs;
Tired of "Payoffs" to political yeggs;
Tired of Jim Farley's stamps on my mail;
Tired of my shirt with its tax-shortened
tail.

I'm tired of the farmers' goose-stepping to
laws;

Of millions of itching job-holders' paws;
Of "fireside talks" over commandeered
mikes;

Of passing more laws to stimulate strikes.

I'm tired of the hourly-increasing debt;
Of millions of promises, still to be met;
Of eating and sleeping by Government plan;
Of calmly forgetting the "forgotten man".

I'm tired of every new Brain Trust thought;
Of the Ship of State — now a pleasure
yacht;

I'm tired of cheating the Court by stealth;
And terribly tired of sharing my wealth.

I'm tired of Eleanor on Page One;
Of royal "in-laws" and favorite son;
I'm tired of "Sistie" and "Buzzie" Dall;
I'm simply — completely — fed up with
it all.

U. S. population	
(approximately)	120,000,000
Eligible for Old	
Age Pensions	56,000,000
Children prohib-	
ited from work 30,000,000	
Government em-	
ployees.	13,999,998 119,999,998
Left to produce the U. S. Wealth	2*

* Just you and I, and I'm all worn out.

ANONYMOUS

Mississippi.

OPEN FORUM PERSONALS

SIR: Now let your Moscow Correspondent hang his head in shame! Mr. Samuel Buck has exposed your propaganda as being so much worthless twaddle, by his brilliant reasoning and quotation of impeccable authority in his letter to "The Open Forum."

In the first place, Mr. Buck attended an open-minded, unbiased, and unprejudiced meeting in celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the Soviet Union. Again, he quotes college professors, whom we all know to be infallible, in contradistinction to the editors of THE MERCURY, who are paid Fascists. Having thus impregnably established Mr. Buck's authority, let us examine his reasoning.

A professor from Johns Hopkins said that the Soviet Government has done more for the health and well-being, the education and culture of its citizens than any country on earth. Well! At least, that is not one of those wild assertions or glittering generalities in which your Moscow Correspondent indulges. There the eminent professor has given you concrete proof that Stalin loves little children and wouldn't think of permitting a famine. Then there was a Yale professor who said that the Soviet school system was the best in the world and that more schools have been built in the twenty years of the Soviet régime than in the two hundred preceding years. We hold these truths to be self-evident; that any nation that builds so many schools must be a political paradise, and that tyranny dare not show its face there. Then, another gentleman said that Soviet students do not pay tuition, but are paid to go to school. Here is proof that the reports of mass executions in Russia are false.

The final, crushing argument came when an Ambassador said that illiteracy, which stood at 65% in 1917, has been reduced to 8%. What more need be said? It is perfectly obvious that literacy precludes tyranny, and makes everybody happy.

(I just heard a Fascist say that in most of the great capitalistic nations, which are

grinding the proletariat under their heels, illiteracy is even less than 8% — but we'll ignore him.)

I can plainly see that the Moscow Correspondent series of articles will have to be discontinued. In the January issue, you have an article, "Russia Prepares for War". Mr. Buck could easily refute that by proving that Russia has contributed more than any other nation to the development of the modern dance.

CHARLES J. SHEEDY

*Woodhaven,
New York.*

SIR: Mr. Oscar Leonard, whose letter in your January number is in reply to my comments on the old-age pension scandal in Missouri, will be interested in a few figures. He says "the 100,000 pensioners Mr. Coghlan expects on the rolls are an absurd figure".

In October of last year, the number on the rolls was 73,032; in November, 74,354; in December, 76,365. That is not so very far away from 100,000. It is much nearer 100,000 than it is to Mr. Leonard's estimate, when he was campaigning for the old-age pension amendment, of 9000 to 10,000. Furthermore, only persons over 70 are eligible to receive pensions in Missouri. When the age is reduced to 65, as it must be by 1940 if Missouri is to continue to receive federal grants, it is estimated there will be 50,000 additional persons on the rolls, or 125,000 in all. Assuming, of course, that the old-age pension racket is conducted along the same lines as it is today.

RALPH COGHLAN

*St. Louis,
Missouri.*



RADICAL CHURCHMEN

SIR: Mr. Harold L. Varney's injudicious article, "Radicals in Our Churches", is a monstrous distortion of truth and a purveyor of ill-will with the ulterior purpose of stirring up an uncalled-for persecution against these many good men whom it

stigmatizes as "Radicals". There are too many on the verge of wanting "to call down fire from heaven" in the name of God on the first signal of hostilities. The effects would be devastating generally.

I, for one, can't comprehend how any man honest in his motives and purposes could produce such a grotesque bit of scurrility and vilification unless depraved or ignorant, or is being used as a catspaw for the moguls of capital. For one thing, how else could or should the Christian Church be other than Radical, and if Radical, how about its members? It would be far more surprising if our churches had no Radicals in them — it would be tragic. God bless our constructive and creative Radicals. One of the first accusations hurled against Jesus was that he was "perverting our nation, forbidding tribute being paid to Caesar". Luke 23:1. And the Book of Acts refers to Paul and Silas as "upsetters of the whole world". Apparently Mr. Varney doesn't know his Bible, and if so, he had better not write upon the delicate subject unless he wishes to run risks of doing irreparable injury to the cause he seeks to save.

PAUL BRINKMAN, JR.

*Portland,
Oregon.*

SIR: I feel prompted to thank you for Harold Lord Varney's "Radicals in Our Churches" in the January MERCURY. The article is sane, objective, and full of valuable information and should be read by everybody interested in combatting Radicalism.

The resolutions which apparently committed the 1932 General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church to a denunciation of capital and the "profit motive" were put through the committee on the state of the church when only 57 of its 251 members were present, and were brought upon the floor of the Conference within half an hour of the time fixed for final adjournment, when the hurry and excitement made adequate debate and thoughtful deliberation impossible.

The Conference of Methodist Laymen was organized in July, 1935, "for renewed emphasis upon the spiritual phase of the life and work of the church". It received immediate and enthusiastic support from all parts of the United States and — as Mr. Varney very correctly states — resulted in a rejection by the 1936 General Conference of Radical resolutions.

HENRY S. HENSCHEN

*Winnethka,
Illinois.*

SIR: Your article on "Radicals in Our Churches" was read with much interest and amusement. You have the Left-wingers pretty well located. We hope you will do as good a job exposing the Right-wingers and their Liberty (You-do-as-we-please) Leagues, Uphold-the-Constitution Leagues, Constitutional Educational Society, United States Chamber of Commerce, National Manufacturers Association, and others who steal the livery of patriotism to serve their selfish interests.

REV. CHESTER E. TULGA

*Brookings,
South Dakota.*

SIR: I have just read "Radicals in Our Churches". The evidence which Mr. Varney presents of Radical tendencies on the part of religious leaders is both interesting and convincing. And it is only a small sample of a vast amount of similar evidence which might be presented. But there is one question which I would like to raise concerning Mr. Varney's article. What is the basis for his assumption that these Radical tendencies on the part of the "Social Gospellers" have any connection with Russian Communism? Is it not more logical to assume that the teachings of the Social Gospel are derived directly from the New Testament? There can be no denial of the fact that the Synoptic Gospels are Radical literature. The Sermon on the Mount is far more Radical than any document of the Socialists or the Communists. The Gospel of Luke contains a

stronger attack upon Capitalism than does the *Communist Manifesto*. The preachers of the Social Gospel are Radicals. But they derive their inspiration not from Karl Marx but from the New Testament. That is the book which must be rejected by those who wish to defend the old order of things.

CHARLES H. PATTERSON

*Lincoln,
Nebraska.*



A PLEA FOR RELIEF

SIR: Are you human? Have you any sense of feeling? Don't you realize that there may be many millions of your fellow beings who are nauseated almost into convulsions?

The writer and his family are among them. Where is there a Moses to lead us into a land where we can live in peace? My ancestors settled in America before the Revolution, and had much to do with winning independence in those far-off days. One of them was the first Governor of Connecticut, and our ancestral home at New London weathered the storms of a hundred years and more. They all loved their country, as we do today. But they never were forced to endure the tortures that afflict us now.

For the past several years, we have suffered the agony of nausea, caused by one certain family that seems to be omnipotent. When we pick up the morning paper about the first thing that strikes us in the face is that the head of this family advocates this and that; that HE has willed that America must have this and that plan; that the CIO and the farmers must have special privileges; that the utility industry is a cancer in HIS sight and must be eliminated; that taxes must be increased; that spending must continue, and so on, world without end. Even HIS sore tooth has to be emblazoned across the press of America. But surely there is some escape?

We turn on the radio, and our favorite program is interrupted by one of the unending fireside chatters. Turning off the radio in disgust, we pick up a favorite magazine.

At once, our eyes are met with an article by *The Wife*; or our eyes catch an advertisement written by *The Mother*. Avoiding the political page of the newspaper, we again start reading, only to learn that one of *The Sons* has done this or that.

Escape? Where? Ah, let's go to a picture show. We do. Here again we meet the same nauseating fate. The screen shows HIM again telling the citizens what is good for them and what they must have. We quit the theater. Go home, and turn on the news before retiring, only to have the same horrid and disgusting mess assault our tired ears, in the form of the night's news.

Surely, we citizens are entitled to an eternal breathing spell of air unfiled with what we believe to be the most tiresome and nauseating propaganda in the history of our land. Can't something be done about it? The writer is appealing to you to help save our sanity, and to allow us to live free from what we earnestly believe is an attempt to force this Family into the inner mind of every citizen. We are sick, grievously sick, of this family, what it wants, thinks, and does. And we would really feel that the Millennium had arrived if America could and would return to sanity, peace, and harmony, and that all these varied methods of assaulting our senses, morning, noon, night, and midnight, would cease.

It is bad enough to live in the present Depression without having this other burden around our necks.

L. LEE

Pasadena,
California.



THE NEW REPUBLIC OBJECTS

SIR: The article by Harold Lord Varney in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* for December contains a number of false, misleading, and damaging statements in regard to the *New Republic* and in regard to me personally. The whole tendency of Mr. Varney's article is to say that the *New Republic*, while ostensibly an independent Liberal magazine,

is in reality a supporter of Stalinist Communism. This statement is absolutely false. As every careful and intelligent reader of the *New Republic* knows, we are not Stalinist or Trotskyist, or anything else except an American journal working in the American tradition for the betterment of life in this country. It is an ironic fact that on the same day that *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* appeared containing Mr. Varney's article, there appeared also an issue of the Communist *New Masses* magazine which devoted a whole page to excoriating me by name because of my opposition to the Stalinist variety of "collective security", the most important of all Communist policies at the present time. Subsequent issues of the *New Masses* have contained three additional criticisms of this writer or the *New Republic*.

It is not true, as Mr. Varney states, that one of the editors in 1933 "exulted", referring to the NRA, that "we have got the bear's paw in a trap" (meaning that the New Deal would destroy capitalism). The article to which Mr. Varney refers was a piece of reporting, and the remark was attributed, correctly, to a New Deal official and the next sentence read, "To be sure, bears have been known to get their claws in traps, and then break the trap."

It is not true, as Mr. Varney says, that the *New Republic* "condoned" the Ku-Klux-Klan membership of Mr. Justice Black. Anyone who will read what we wrote on that subject can see for himself that we deeply regretted his membership in the organization. The sentence Mr. Varney quotes about the similarity between the Klan membership and membership in Kiwanis or Rotary was not a description of Mr. Justice Black as a member, but an attempt to interpret and describe a social phenomenon which, fifteen years ago, embraced three million Americans. Our statement was and is true, despite what Mr. Varney or anyone says to the contrary.

It is not true that the *New Republic* abandoned the principle of academic freedom in the case of President Glenn Frank

of the University of Wisconsin. Mr. Varney obviously did not read our discussion of the controversy between President Frank and Governor La Follette. The *New Republic* did not advocate the removal of President Frank by the Board of Regents, but asked that the decision be made by a secret vote of the entire faculty.

Mr. Varney makes much in his article of the change in the *New Republic* since the death of its first editor, Herbert Croly. Unfortunately for him, he places that death five years earlier than the facts, so that a number of the things for which he criticizes the present editors were done by Mr. Croly himself. This is true, for example, of the invitation to Dr. Robert Morss Lovett to join the editorial board — although every one of the present editorial group was heartily in favor of that action. This is also true of the selection of Edmund Wilson as literary editor. Mr. Varney says that Mr. Wilson voted for W. Z. Foster in 1928. I do not know for whom Mr. Wilson voted in that year, but I do know that the *New Republic*, under Herbert Croly, supported Al Smith for President.

One of Mr. Varney's charges I am glad to admit. It is that the *New Republic* has changed since it was founded in 1914. So has everything else in the world. If Mr. Varney wants to publish a paper couched in terms of the 1914 mentality, he is welcome to try.

BRUCE BLIVEN

New York City.

MR. VARNEY REPLIES

SIR: It is the whimsical habit of the professional "Liberal" to do an ideological disappearing act whenever he is threatened with the X-Ray. Hence, it was characteristic that Mr. Bliven should erupt into protest when I pointed out, in my MERCURY article, that his *New Republic* policies exhibit a suspicious parallelism with those of the Moscow Party Line. In his reply he denies categorically that the *New Republic* is pro-Communist. To such a denial I can only

say, "Hallelujah!" American Stalinism is indeed malodorous when its one hitherto respectable journalistic ally is so prompt to disavow it. If my modest contribution has achieved no other purpose than to drive the gifted Mr. Bliven into the growing anti-Communist United Front, it is *ben trovato*.

He cites the fact that the *New Republic* has now split openly with the Stalinites on the issue of "collective security". Again I applaud Mr. Bliven's discernment. In Moscow they have a word for such heresy: he has committed a "deviation". Take care, Mr. Bliven, or the *Daily Worker* will soon be branding you as a Fascist. It may even accuse you of being acquainted with Lawrence Dennis.

Seriously, however, I must express regret over my slip-up on the one question of fact which Mr. Bliven cites — the death date of Herbert Croly. But a consultation of *Who's Who* reveals the information that Mr. Bliven was the managing editor of the *New Republic* from 1923 to 1930, and hence responsible for policies during the disputed period. While the date correction may have a bearing upon our appraisal of the later Croly, it certainly suggests no change in our estimate of Mr. Bliven, who was in full charge on January 23, 1935, when the announcement of the new "revolutionary" policy of the *New Republic* was published.

Since we are concerning ourselves with accuracy, may I correct two of Mr. Bliven's citations which do not reflect my actual statements. First, I did not state that Edmund Wilson "voted" for Foster in 1928. My language was "Edmund Wilson, who was to come out for William Z. Foster in 1928", which is not the same thing. Mr. Wilson's name did appear on a pre-election endorsement of Foster: how he actually voted, I will leave it to Mr. Bliven to ascertain.

And returning again to the old zoological wheeze about the bear and the trap, I did not state that this appeared in an editorial. I specifically ascribed it to "one of their

writers". Actually, the "writer" was Mr. Bliven himself who, in this case, was doubling in brass as the *New Republic* Washington reporter. Any reader who wishes to peruse the files of the *New Republic* of the N.R.A. period (the bear-trap article appeared in the August 16, 1933, issue) will agree, I think, that I was not exaggerating when I attributed "exultation" to the Bliven editors over every evidence of anti-capitalist trends in the early New Deal.

As to the Glenn Frank case, a reading of the editorial in Mr. Bliven's January 6, 1937, number will convince any non-Marxian that the *New Republic* quibbled miserably on this issue. The fact that the magazine discreetly covered its "Liberal" record by suggesting a poll of the faculty, which it knew in advance the La Follettes would not permit, is to narrow a knot-hole for Mr. Bliven to wiggle through in his disclaimer. Why, let us ask, if he believed in academic freedom for Rightists and Centrists, as well as Leftists, did he so complacently accept the decision of the Madison Regents as final? In the Jerome Davis case (which was far less defensible than that of Dr. Frank) he showed what the *New Republic* could do, even after a decision had been rendered, by devoting a whole supplement of one of his issues to a one-sided presentation of the Davis defense. Why was there no similar crusade in protest against the Madison strong-arming? An examination of the January 6th editorial will give the answer. It will show a legalistic instead of a crusading *New Republic* which, in contrast to all its habitual attitudes on academic freedom issues, seems eager to find arguments to justify the prosecution instead of the defense. Here there is no prior assumption of the injustice of the authorities, such as we find in all *New Republic* approaches to Leftist incidents. Instead there is a rigid neutrality which was more damning to Dr. Frank than open opposition. Mr. Bliven is too good a journalist not to realize that the most lethal way of polishing off an opponent is to assume

neutral fairness, while the killing thrust is being delivered by editorial emphasis and by the arbitrary marshaling of the facts.

I could develop the point further but I have said enough, I believe, to demonstrate the soundness of my original thesis. I have not been unfair to Mr. Bliven. He is demanding an immunity to criticism which a social revolutionary editor cannot expect. In a life and death struggle between two social systems, he has deliberately placed the *New Republic* on the exposed firing line. Worse, he has employed his supposed neutrality as a target-cover for the Marxian trenches. Is it sportsmanlike of Mr. Bliven to become indignant because some of the ricochet shots have landed inside the *New Republic* lines?

HAROLD LORD VARNEY

New York City.



CONCERNING RELIEF

SIR: With pity and impatience I read the article entitled, "What Relief Did to Us," in THE MERCURY. It might have been correctly titled, "What Lack of Faith and Loss of Backbone Can Do to Any of Us." That is why I feel pity for the family whose downfall it portrays. And I reserve my impatience for the editor of the magazine, who, in spite of the privilege and responsibility of intellect with which God entrusted him, would permit this pitiable story of one family's weakness to be used as an argument against President Roosevelt and his policies.

During a survey of families on Relief here in San Francisco, I visited about 300 families. In only two cases did I find what one would call the professional Relief family, the type that "goes on the county" periodically and considers that the government owes it a living. With these two exceptions, I found that all members of the families old enough and not incapacitated for work were willing to accept whatever work was offered them. My job was to discover what type of work they were best

fitted for, and my difficulty was to keep them from claiming ability they did not possess in order to land a job. And surely what I saw of families on Relief in San Francisco is typical of what one would find all over the United States, for these people have been and still are the backbone of the American nation.

Did you ever come in contact with a member of the Oxford Group, Mr. Editor? And did you ever try taking one or two of the standards of Jesus Christ and living up to them completely for twenty-four hours? I venture to tell you that if you will, you will find your whole life and purpose changed, and that you will have a profound effect not only on the personnel of your magazine staff and its publishers, but upon your whole reading public.

MARIAN E. NEVILLE

*San Francisco,
California.*



SMUG INTELLECTUALS

SIR: However great might be my aversion to THE MERCURY's political attitude, my perusal of each issue nevertheless has afforded me appreciable knowledge of political controversy. Further, reading THE MERCURY has acquainted me with a literary standard, a technique far superior to that I've found in any other high-type periodical.

But I do feel that literary expertness is sometimes used to unfair advantage. This fact came to mind upon reading the Mencken and Pollock articles in recent issues. To put it mildly, the glib railing and ranting of these two writers against the poor is difficult to condone. Undoubtedly, when the government taxes the huge royalties of writers Mencken and Pollock, the shoe pinches enough to cause a rather loud "Ouch!"

I suppose the intellectuals have hibernated in their smug self-satisfaction and security long enough. It is time they were made to squeal and wriggle a little.

As to THE MERCURY's poetry, it is a bit

too modernistic for me. I much prefer something that rhymes and is more than a mere jumble of words.

ALEXANDER MICHAEL

*Brooklyn,
New York.*



RADIO VS. BUSINESS

SIR: Why not a National Shut-Off-Your-Radio Week to help stimulate business? Admittedly, some persons would be lost without their radios. They wouldn't know what to do. Such a state would drive them out of their homes (not their minds) and into the marts of trade and amusement and entertainment centers. They would go back to their own communities for amusement, patronizing local talent. National broadcasting should be forgotten for a while. Some day I hope the promoters are able to achieve their perfect radio program; that they get so much talent and such a variety of it on one program that nobody can afford to miss it. Then I'd like people to check up on business during that period, and find out how the other attractions have suffered.

What this country needs is an inventor who will perfect an automobile that you can attach to your radio. And drive far away with it, deep into the woods. The only radio I like is a portable one, because portable means that which can be carried. And the farther it can be carried the better I like it.

R. C. O'BRIEN

*Rosendale,
New York.*



COMMUNIST CREDO

SIR: The vociferous apologists for American Communism, who demand that the Comrades be treated with the same respect accorded Democrats and the G. O. P., have probably never heard of Michael Bakunin and his book, *Netchaieff's Catechism of Revolution*. Yet the true Communist doc-

trine and purpose has never been as clearly and truthfully set forth as in this volume, published in the middle of the past century. Inasmuch as the revolutionary Communist today believes implicitly in this catechism and still reveres Bakunin's ideas as inspired, you may be interested in the following condensation of this authority's portrait of a real he-Comrade:

"The revolutionist is a devotee. He has neither personal interests, business feelings, attachments, property, nor even a name. His whole being is absorbed by a single exclusive interest, a single passion: Revolution." In the depths of his being "he has broken every connection with the established civil order and with the entire civilized world", of which he is "the implacable enemy" who "continues to live in this world only for the purpose of destroying it all the more surely". He renounces doctrinairism and what the world calls science, leaving these for future generations; while he "knows but a single science — destruction". For this purpose and nothing else he studies mechanics, physics, chemistry, perhaps medicine; for the same purpose he studies men, their characters, positions, and all the conditions that prevail in the existing society, his end being always the same, "the quickest and surest destruction of this filthy order." Public opinion he despises, and he hates "existing social morality and all its instincts and manifestations". For him "everything is moral which favors the triumph of revolution", while "everything is immoral which impedes it". The revolutionary devotee "is without mercy for the state in general and for the entire civilized class of society, and he ought not to expect mercy for himself": between him and society "it is war to the death, open or concealed, but always incessant and irreconcilable"; therefore, he "ought to accustom himself to suffer torture". Severe to himself, "he ought to be equally so to others"; every "sentiment of affection, kinship, friendship, love, and gratitude ought to be stifled in him by the single cold passion for

the work of revolution". Night and day "he must have a single thought, a single end — implacable destruction"; while in unceasing pursuit of this end, "he ought to be ready to perish himself and with his own hands to cause to perish all who prevent the attainment of this end".

These excerpts from the little-known Communist Bible may better acquaint the friends of the Comrades with the gentry they feel called upon to defend so ardently.

RAYMOND PALITON

*Newark,
New Jersey.*

TEN YEARS OF TEACHING

SIR: Some time ago an article entitled, "A Schoolteacher Talks Back", published in *THE MERCURY*, caused a great deal of comment. Often I heard the remark: "That may be true, but not in New York State." But — it can be true, and so I have brought together a few instances of a teacher's life in a prominent New York State school system.

A teacher never has any time which she can really call her own. Her work, the children, and the parents demand every minute. For instance, we have a faculty meeting after school every Wednesday afternoon. Many times there is no need for a meeting, but our conscientious principal keeps us until 5 o'clock or after, even if she has to read to us from a book on child psychology. Parents often ask for evening conferences. We cannot refuse them. Then there are the parents who invite us for dinner and to spend the evening. Sometimes we have a very pleasant dinner and go home early. At other times we must play bridge and listen to the husband and wife quarrel. Or perhaps we listen to the life history of both, and all the lovely traits of their two children — who are really devils and just like the parents. And there are parents who serve cocktails and cigarettes with every course, or who ask us to go for a ride and then end up in a roadhouse. If

we accept, we are wild and not fit to teach their children. If we refuse, we are old-fashioned and prudish. If we do not have gentlemen friends, we are not popular enough. If we do have, they stay too late at night and we are too frivolous to be teachers.

If we are fortunate enough to have friends outside the profession, their advice to us is "Forget it." I can't. I'm not given any chance to forget it. I eat, sleep, and talk teaching. But this is my last year—I'm getting out while the getting is good. I wish I might quit tonight. I'm getting old, my face is lined, my hair is fast getting gray, and I'm not quite thirty.

ANOTHER TEACHER

—,
New York.



THE GAMBLING CURSE

SIR: That Mr. P. Brinkman, Jr., of Portland, Oregon, considered my little article, "Lotteries Officially Approved", worthy of a panegyric on the evils of gambling is gratifying. I cherish the letter as my first piece of fan mail, but I must disagree with its reasoning as that of an unreconstructed wower, just as I disagreed when a Communist told me that the article was "viciously anti-Social".

The millennium of morals and what-not is a long time coming to this "best of all possible worlds". Men still will have liquor, harlots, and lottery tickets, whether they are official or unofficial vices. Moreover, men are more than willing to pay premiums, let us say, to procure such commodities. It is better for the government to collect these premiums than to have them line the pockets of even more irresponsible rascals like bootleggers, taxi pimps, and lottery-ticket vendors. The last drawing of the Irish Sweepstakes showed that more than half the tickets were held by Americans. Estimates on the amount spent annually by Americans on the "numbers games" and foreign lotteries range into billions of dol-

lars. If the government set up a sufficiently attractive lottery, these funds would be diverted into legal channels and no one would howl very much if the government took a thirty per cent cut, because those who sell lottery tickets illegally take much more than that for "commission". Not even Mrs. Harriman, I suspect, hopes to make "vice parade as virtue" by legalizing lotteries. She and her followers merely face a social problem realistically, remembering the late Noble Experiment that taught us that any illegal traffic breeds not only lawlessness but hypocrisy. Research has ascertained for Mrs. Harriman's organization that lotteries were used to raise funds for Washington's troops during the Revolution. That ought to establish an American precedent for lotteries acceptable even to the D. A. R., if not to Mr. Brinkman.

W. P. MUNGER, JR.

New York City.



GETTING RID OF CONGRESS

SIR: Recently there appeared in THE MERCURY and other magazines, articles discussing the question of the ability of the Republican Party to "come back". Unless there is a split between Dr. Roosevelt and John L. Lewis before 1940, and it seems evident that Roosevelt will do everything in his power to prevent this, the only chance to beat such a combination would be a coalition with the Jefferson Democrats, under the latter or a new name, and the nomination for President of a Southern Democrat in whom the country has confidence—for example, Senator Byrd or Senator Glass, although the latter is rather old perhaps. Then, my suggestion would be that such a party advocate a Constitutional amendment to reform the administrative and legislative branches of the government along the following lines:

A legislative body consisting of one house only, of a reduced number of members, say twenty-seven, elected at large over the whole United States, for four or six years;

one-half or one-third, respectively, to be elected every two years, and whose members could be re-elected only after a period of two years from the expiration of the term for which they were previously elected. All parties of any importance could then have proportional representation in Congress, instead of the present unrepresentative, regional or district representation, which, while it may have been satisfactory in the old horse-and-buggy days, is not suited to present-day conditions of rapid communication. This would do away with the present anomalous situation wherein a congressman who is elected to represent a certain district, says he is interested only in the opinions of the coal miners with regard to the Supreme Court issue. He could, under the system outlined here, conscientiously represent the coal miners or the CIO, if elected by such group. On the other hand, the consumers, taxpayers, etc., could elect representatives who would wholeheartedly represent them, regardless of which section of the country they might live in.

One house would prevent the usual buck-passing between the present two houses of Congress and to the President, and a reduced number of members would allow responsibility to be placed on each member for his actions or vote on legislation. Also, it has been amply demonstrated in the past that it is not possible to find in the country a sufficient number of honest and able men to fill the large number of seats in the two houses of Congress, as at present organized.

My idea for the reform of the executive branch of the government would be to do away with the one-man type of administration (super-men are all extinct today), and elect an Executive Council or Board of five members, one to be elected every two years, to serve for ten years, and not to be eligible for re-election to this Board. The final two years of each Board member's term, he would serve as President of the United States, but all appointments and other important matters would be decided

by majority vote of the Board. I would suggest the elimination of the Vice President, and in case of death of any member of the Board, Congress would appoint a member to fill out his unexpired term. Of course, to get this system started, it would be necessary to elect Board members for different periods at first.

Under this scheme, Cabinet officers would be appointed for ability, rather than for political reasons, and would serve for an indefinite term, or as long as they had the confidence of a majority of the Board.

Such an Executive Council or Board would tend to eliminate many of the present unwholesome practices, such as deals between two candidates for President, whereby one throws his convention delegate votes to another in exchange for the nomination for Vice President; as well as the present disgraceful practice of payment of campaign contributions by appointments to posts as foreign ambassadors, or in the case of a Labor union, by making the executive branch of government subservient to such union. It would also make for continuous policies, instead of the outright repudiation of one administration by the following one of different political stripe.

The country could well afford to pay twenty-seven, or even seventy-five congressmen, double or triple their present salaries in order to secure men of ability, instead of paying \$10,000 a year and perquisites to a mob of professional politicians, most of whom would be overpaid at \$2000 a year. The members of the Executive Council could be paid, say, \$50,000 a year, and \$75,000 a year for the last two years while serving as President.

I believe that such a party with a plank in its platform promising a Constitutional amendment along the above lines, could easily win the next election. I would suggest for a slogan: "Take the profit motive out of political racketeering."

E. R. DULANY

*Rancagua,
Chile.*

LETTERS TO CHANNING
POLLOCK

Dear Mr. Pollock: After reading your articles, "The Survival of the Unfittest" and "America Doesn't Give a Damn", in THE MERCURY, I cannot refrain from complimenting your splendid presentation of the shameful mire that our country has gotten into. I came to this country from Germany as a boy of fourteen, and now having reached my sixty-sixth birthday, I often reflect on the State of the Union and I am extremely sorry to say that my meditations are nothing that would inspire pride. I believe there are still left some who have not bowed their knees to the apostles of Class Hatred and political morons, trying to impersonate (without success) men who love truth and honesty. I am reminded of the fact that scientists who delve amongst the ruins of former civilizations can reconstruct from fossils the entire structure of prehistoric beasts and so likewise it is not necessary to know every act a man has committed to get a line on his character and logic.

I can still remember Grover Cleveland and his determination to protect law and order in the famous Pullman strike of the early 'Nineties. Contrast his action with the disgraceful disregard and criminal indifference of so-called Governor Murphy of Michigan, whose sluggish brain was still in doubt after seven weeks of the auto strike in Flint. If the sit-down strike was wrong, what a man to lead a State! If a sit-down strike is right, then private property or ownership of home is gone. Its implications point toward the rise of the mob in places of power and the surrender of our most cherished traditions.

So, Mr. Pollock, keep up the good fight against the forces of disintegration and political hallucination, based on a pipe dream that you can get something for nothing and that only saps work.

FRED A. SCHNAPLE

Chicago,
Illinois.

SIR: Channing Pollock's "The Workers vs. 'The Workers'" in the October issue is the best and truest deflation of our coddled shirkers that I have ever read. It was a broadside that must have struck a responsive bull's-eye in the minds of all who have witnessed the grudging service of some of these vastly overpaid gentlemen.

An ironic comment on the justness of the article was an item published in the *New York Times* on the same day that I happened to read "The Workers", stating that stage hands had been granted a raise in salary giving property-men \$82.50 per week and clearers \$54, and \$1 an hour overtime.

And as Mr. Pollock says: "Nobody laughs!"

H. M.

New York City.



ADAM VS. EVE

SIR: Those who now oppose the New Deal, and those who defend it, are simply taking sides in the latest development of an eternal conflict—the struggle for control between the male attitude toward existence, and the complementary but antagonistic female attitude. The male attitude, though some of its manifestations may seem crude, is found on analysis to be more concerned with issues that arise from the needs of the spirit than with material things. This is true in spite of the fact that many men of ability concentrate on the accumulation of wealth: the deeper truth is that most men of this type have objective minds, and they regard wealth mainly as the evidence of achievement—they become rich not so much because of greed as because they fight to win in a field where riches are the reward of victory. Whatever the field in which it operates, the male mind places a higher value on self-reliant seeking than on any promise of safe living; it stresses the importance of aggressive effort regardless of risk, and insists on freedom from arbitrary restraint.

The female attitude, though some of its manifestations such as sympathy and pity seem spiritually fine, actually gives first place to those material values that offer security and comfort. This outlook on life implies an acceptance of authority—it assumes that the assertion of control by someone, somewhere, carries with it the assurance of protection. The emphasis that women place on safety is, for them, instinctive and necessary—the human race could scarcely continue to exist if those who are or who will be mothers did not demand a sheltered environment in which uncertainty has been reduced as much as is possible.

So, though it is customary to think of men as being more materialistic than women, the truth is otherwise. Human nature is of course too complex, and individual characteristics are too complicated and contradictory, for any general statement to be taken literally. But a fair consideration of the basic male and female attitudes makes it clear that the typical male is chiefly interested in effort and achievement; while the female is more concerned with safeguards, craving the guaranty of an established order.

This fundamental difference between the male and female viewpoints, now reflected in the differing demands of those who resist and those who support the New Deal, is everywhere apparent. Even small boys, for instance, have a characteristically male outlook: they prefer games that require some exertion of the will and that involve some element of risk, if it is only the hazard of being hit by a pitched ball or knocked down in a scuffle of sidewalk hockey. And toward the other end of life when adventures are mostly mental, elderly men such as the justices of the Supreme Court, who have spent long years in the fight for observance of law as they see the law, prefer to keep on with their battles of the mind until their strength absolutely fails.

On the other hand, the female need of

assurance, and the female preference for an ordered existence, are well illustrated by the ardent support that women give to all sorts of social and religious formalism. It is significant that society, in the restricted sense, is mainly animated and sustained by women, and that women make up the great majority of the active members of every religious organization. So too in most other matters that hold their interest, females usually favor whatever seems well established and safe. It would be odd if women were otherwise: the long periods of dependent helplessness which motherhood inflicts upon them leave women no choice—instinctively they place the full weight of their influence behind those things that apparently provide some certainty in this most uncertain world.

The history of humanity seems to be a series of tugs of war between these complementary but conflicting male and female reactions to existence; and the New Deal represents a temporary triumph of the female attitude. That is why the present political situation has so aroused the nation—the issues involved reach deeper than politics usually go.

The fact that the New Deal is essentially female in outlook accounts for its instant widespread popularity at the start—it came at a time when the nation needed mothering. And it is obvious that the New Deal is based on the maternal conception of what is most important in life: it sought support, and still seeks it, on the basis of a vast vague emotional promise of security. Hence in the first sensational months of its career, the New Deal probably had the enthusiastic approval of almost all the women in this country. It was introduced and has been persistently advertised in a most beguiling way, with heart throbs always much in evidence. And it still has a strong appeal to a diverse multitude, made up mainly of the less discerning women, of the unfortunate of both sexes, and of congenial learners on others.

Perhaps the male attitude can be summed

up, not very precisely, as a preference for being free to take risks in order to win awards and rewards — a self-reliant individualism. The female attitude, on the other hand, reflects an instinctive desire for assurance; this carries with it a willingness to submit to any authority that apparently offers protection and security, an attitude which responds readily and hopefully to large political promises.

In this generation, worn down by a world war and then by a prolonged world depression, great multitudes of people have given up the fight as individuals responsible to and for themselves, and have surrendered to various dictatorial forms of collectivism. This world weariness, followed by collectivist dictatorships, has happened before. But just as certainly as the resurgence of Spring follows the low ebb of Winter, a time will come when the repressed need for individual freedom and individual expression must again assert itself.

Today, the New Deal may seem so firmly entrenched as to preclude any discussion of its decline. Yet on a tomorrow not so far away, the New Deal will be merely a memory of a fantastic and frightfully expensive adventure in political maternalism. For on some tomorrow, buoyant Adam will once more replace fearful Eve as the dominant force in national affairs.

Arnold,
Maryland.

CLARENCE STONE

IN BRIEF

Kenneth Campbell, who wrote *The Old-Time Religion* in the December *MERCURY*, is called "a spiritual dwarf" by ELSIE DEFORD of Savannah, Tennessee, who doesn't approve Mr. C's frivolity about religion. . . . MRS. ALLEN WALLACE, of Fargo, North Dakota, chides Open Forum writers who disagreed with the author of *I Do Not Like My Children*. Of her own children she says, "I love them because I bore them." Both parties to the dispute may interpret these words differently. . . . A doctor's

wife in Rice Lake, Wisconsin, MRS. HELEN B. RYDELL, reproves Martin Gannett for uncomplimentary remarks about the medical profession in his article *Have You Had Your Appendix Out?* MRS. RYDELL says that small-town doctors are over-worked, well-trained, and more often remove an appendix for nothing than for experiment. . . . EDWIN D. HULL of Gary, Indiana, does not believe we should spend our lives preparing a paradise on earth for generations to follow, *à la* Russia. He says we might as well enjoy ourselves while we can. . . . The biased and prejudiced reporting of news in some of our daily newspapers is bemoaned by O. J. STEURNY of Brooklyn, New York. He compliments *THE MERCURY* on several articles which have exposed the situation. . . . JAMES L. HARMER of Chicago, writes to tell us that *THE MERCURY* is in receipt of Nazi gold from the coffers of Herr Hitler. . . . A gentleman who signs himself EL VIEJO DEL RANCHO CHICO and whose letter bears the postmark Atascadero, California, reports that he has introduced the Capitalist system of industry among his Indian friends. He says it is working fine. . . . WILHELM S. ULVRICH writes from Beirut, Syria, that Lawrence Dennis has the right slant on Liberalism today and opines that if more people thought like Mr. Dennis, we would all be better off. . . . In one State of this great Socialist Republic there is a law declaring that henceforth the circumference of a circle is to be three times its diameter, instead of the old horse-and-buggy idea of 3.14159 times the diameter, according to E. W. BLOCK of Indianola, Illinois. MR. BLOCK thinks the new Farm Bill makes just about as much sense. . . . *THE MERCURY* makes so many attacks on the New Deal that A. G. RASOR of Des Moines, Iowa, is beginning to think that Dr. Roosevelt may be all right, after all. He also deplores our kind words about Old Joe Robinson of Arkansas. . . . In the latter connection, ENOCH MORSE of Minneapolis, bestows a hyacinth on us for our presentation of that piece. He says: "Am I mistaken, or does it not mark an event

of historical importance, in that it is the first honest obituary of a public character to be published in the Republic?" . . . L. E. WHITE writes from Saugus, California, to say: "So some of your readers don't want Mr. Nock to knock? Thank God for Mr. Nock, who can and will knock evil in such well-chosen language". . . . ROBERT W. BARNWELL, SR., makes a correction in the second paragraph of his letter to Mr. Mencken, which appeared in the January Open Forum. It seems that the printer made it read, "Schofield and Ewing wanted to depopulate nearly half of Missouri in 1863", whereas the truth is that the gentlemen only wanted to depopulate three counties and nearly half of another. . . . No American should ever go to war and our government should recognize no other government until it is as civilized as our own, according to SAMUEL MICHAELSON of Philadelphia. . . . The cat is not an enemy of the human race, according to MRS. F. ROGERS of Walla Walla, Washington, who presents a very reasonable argument in favor of felines. . . . A. L. PUTMAN of Arcata, California, thinks a lot of our present labor troubles could have been avoided if the executives of the motor industry had had a little more courage. . . . The treasurer and past president of the Cremation Association of America, LAURENCE F. MOORE of Oakland, California, thinks that Philip McKee, who wrote *The High Cost of Dying*, is all wet when he says that the actual cost of a cremation is three dollars. MR. MOORE allows that he would like to have Mr. McKee working for him if he could do the job that cheaply. . . . That the Franco-Prussian War was "the most predatory and least defensible war in the nineteenth century" is denied by B. P. HORTON of Oak Park, Illinois, who criticizes Lawrence Dennis for having made such a statement. . . . There ought to be a law that all goods offered for sale bear a tag revealing the original cost-price, says C. M. HECKER of San Francisco. . . . JOSEF K.

EICHHORN of Silver Cliff, Colorado, takes us to task for misspelling his name in "The Open Forum" but admits that it is a difficult one, and adds: "Despite aspersions, Albert Jay Nock is cutting a great wide straight swath in our country's literary meadow". . . . Our Moscow Correspondent is obviously a female, says JACK WETZEL of Middletown, Pennsylvania. . . . Our May short story, *Happy Ending*, by Whitfield Cook, meets with the disapproval of I. G. MILLER of Philadelphia, who says in so many words that Mr. Cook has an unclean mind. . . . From Kota, Bahoe, Perak — of all places — an Irishwoman writes to defend the English. SHELIA O'HENNESSY thinks Mrs. Gerould misunderstood the English treatment of the Duke of Windsor. . . . RUTH THOMAS POHL, manager of Floyd Collins' Crystal Cave in Kentucky, says we are much too flattering to Mammoth Cave in our mention of it. Crystal Cave, she avers, has just about everything. . . . MRS. GERTRUDE B. SMITH of Bloomfield, New Jersey, is "shocked and nauseated" at the attitude of various children who have complained in The Open Forum that they don't care for their parents. . . . If anybody is going to be sterilized, it should be the ministers of the gospel in this great land, according to G. F. VENNER of Cambridge, Massachusetts. . . . The January MERCURY was "a knock-out", says CLYDE O. PATTERSON of Sullivan, Illinois, who hints that there is a lot of funny business going on in the Department of Agriculture. . . . From Nipawin, Saskatchewan, comes the voice of W. C. PANABAKER, admitting that Mr. Nock is right — some of the time. . . . Astanch Southerner, W. R. HUNT of San Marcos, Texas, relates that, on the eve of the Second Battle of Manassas, General Porter admitted that the leadership of the North didn't know what it was all about. MR. HUNT, judging from letters in The Open Forum, feels that "there are still a few individuals in the North in the same fix today". . . .

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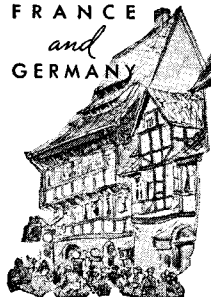
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THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from front adv't section, p. xiv)

★ **LET FREEDOM RING**, by Arthur Garfield Hays. \$2.50. *Liveright*. A reconsideration and an analysis of certain incidents in recent American history which, to Mr. Hays' manner of thinking, disclose how our civil liberties are being violated. Among these incidents are the Scopes trial, the Sacco-Vanzetti case, the Strachey deportation, the Puerto Rico troubles, and similar *causes célèbres*. But so certain is the author that his side of the story, and his alone, contains the Truth, that his warnings against autocracy lose their weight. The American Civil Liberties Union, it appears, possesses the omniscience of God.

★ **BREAKING INTO PRINT**. Edited by Elmer Adler. \$2.75. *Simon & Schuster*. Twenty important contemporary authors, selected by Mr. Elmer Adler, tell all, or nearly all. With each confession there is reproduced a page of original manuscript, from which you see with what laborious fumbling these masters of the art grasp after their Muse. It is rather like a cookbook: all the fundamental ingredients are on hand, but the formulae for their assembly are non-transferable.

★ **ROOSEVELT — AND THEN?**, by Stanley High. \$3.00. *Harpers*. Dispassionate appraisal of the Great White Father, his associates, and his works, by Dr. Stanley High, whose opportunities for intimate observation have been exceptional. As to the future, Dr. High is wisely noncommittal. But he considers that the President is more likely to be remembered for what he has started rather than for what he has done.

★ **THE TEST OF THE NATIONALITY OF A MERCHANT VESSEL**, by Robert Rienow. \$2.75. *Columbia University Press*. A thorough, painstaking inquiry into the laws and customs which establish the relationship of a vessel to the State whose flag it flies. In an effort to clear up certain confusions, Professor Rienow has gone to the records. His treatise is a valuable contribution to a subject which, especially in time of war, assumes great international stature.

xviii



CONTRIBUTORS

LAURENCE BELL (*Railroad Boom-Town*), a native Southerner, is now a freelance writer in New York City. **BLAIR BOLLES** (*Our Uneconomic Royalist*) is a member of the editorial staff of the *Washington Star*. **ST. JOHN ERVINE** (*The Assault on Freedom*) is the well-known English critic and essayist. **RALPH FRIEDRICH** (*Six Months to Live*) teaches public school in Cincinnati. **GUY GILPATRIC** (*The Wart That Shook the World*) lives in France and contributes fiction and articles to many magazines. **FRANCES HALL** (*Political Rally*) was born in Iowa and is now a schoolteacher in California. **DESMOND HOLDRIDGE** (*Getting Away from It All*) has spent some time living in the tropics. His latest novel is *Witch in the Wilderness* (*Harcourt, Brace*). **W. F. KERNAN** (*In Defense of War*) is a major in the United States Army, stationed at Madison Barracks, New York City. **ELSIE FRY LAURENCE** (*The Good Wife*) was born in England and now lives in Edson, Alberta, Canada. **JOHN RUSSELL MCCARTHY** (*Hill Path*) is a resident of La Crescenta, California. **FRANK MONEY** (*The Art of Cider-Drinking*) is a former newspaperman who now lives in New York City. **B. L. MOSS** (*The Truth About the Sharecropper*) produces 500 to 800 bales of cotton a year on his lands in Mississippi. **HELENE MULINS** (*She Marvels Over What They Say*), who lives in Hollywood, California, is the author of a recent volume of verse, *Streams from the Source* (*Caxton Printers*). **RUTH PURDY** (*Five Wives*) is a wife and mother who lives in Rye, New York. **GORDON SHIPMAN** (*How to Make Your Son a Misfit*) is the State Probation Officer for Wisconsin. **LOUIS STODDARD** (*Farm Kitchen*) is a young poet who lives on a farmstead at Esperance, New York.



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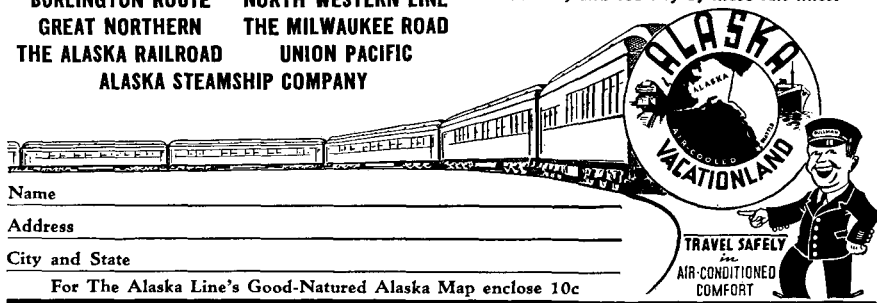
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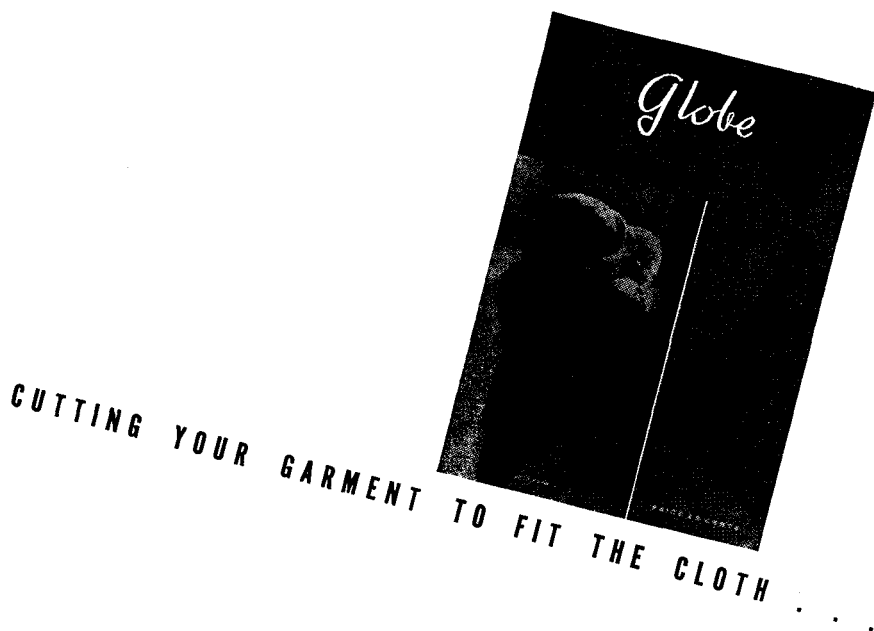
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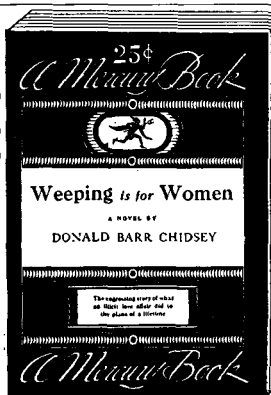
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*** indicate an outstanding performance, ** a competent performance, * an acceptable performance. ††† denote exceptional recording, †† efficient recording, † poor recording.

ORCHESTRAL

***††† *Semiramide Overture, Rossini:* (RCA-Victor, two 12-inch records, \$4). A brilliant and vital performance by Arturo Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, the last of the recordings made by these collaborators. The music hardly merits the electric and vivifying treatment imposed on it by Toscanini, but the results are altogether stunning. Though the work occupies scarcely thirteen minutes, four twelve-inch sides have been used for it, a new high in this kind of inflation.

***†† *Tragic Overture, Brahms:* (Columbia, two 12-inch records, \$3). Though Brahms wrote no music in his maturity which could be called unsuccessful, this sombre and darkly colored work has almost acquired that stigma by the reluctance of conductors to perform it. As Sir Thomas Beecham proves in this performance with the BBC Orchestra, an alert and energetic reading can enhance its worth, though it remains less than a masterpiece. The recording is thoroughly good.

CHAMBER MUSIC

***††† *Sonata in A, opus 69, Beethoven:* (Columbia, three 12-inch records, \$4.50). There are other 'cello sonatas more imperatively in need of expert phonographic performance than this one, which already has been well-recorded, but there cannot be too much complaint about any album that brings together such exceptional artists as Emanuel Feuermann and Myra Hess. The Feuermann cello has rarely spoken more nobly, and Miss Hess' ability as a pianist is given splendid range in this music.

RECORDED MUSIC

***††† *Trio in E flat, opus 100, Schubert:* (RCA-Victor, five 12-inch records, \$10). The greatest of Schubert's chamber music with piano, at last presented in a version worthy of its quality by the brothers Busch, Adolf (violin) and Hermann ('cello), with Rudolf Serkin at the piano. Music lovers aware of the quality of these instrumentalists will need no further inducement to possess the records; but for others it may be said that this is one of the year's choicest offerings.

VOCAL

***††† *Dichterliebe, Schumann:* (RCA-Victor, three 12-inch records, \$6). Charles Panzera, an exceptionally able French baritone, and Alfred Cortot, the celebrated pianist, are the musicians responsible for this surpassingly fine performance of Schumann's great song-cycle. It was an irresistible offering when listed by the English affiliate of Victor; and it is even more attractive now that it is available in a domestic pressing, at the more advantageous price.

DANCE

Life Goes to a Party and *Penthouse Serenade* (Brunswick, one 10-inch record, \$.75). A new swing favorite and an old one, played in superior fashion by Harry James and his orchestra. James is the trumpet soloist extraordinary of the Goodman band, and his associates include such redoubtables as Jess Stacy, Buck Clayton, Walter Page, etc. Not too fancy, this is swing without quotes.

Loch Lomond and *I'm Comin' Virginia* (Vocalion, one 10-inch record, \$.35). Super-charged versions of the old Scotch ballad and a contemporary popular tune, with Maxine Sullivan, newest of the warm-voiced chanters, performing with gusto and originality. There are good accompaniments by an orchestra under the direction of Claude Thornhill.

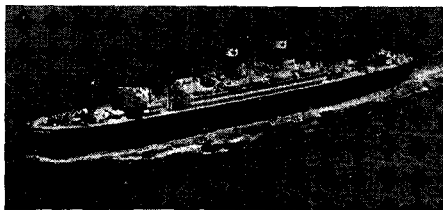
I Got Rhythm and *Time on My Hands* (Brunswick, 10-inch, \$.75). Two perennials introduce Glenn Miller and band, apparently one of the best new combinations of the year.

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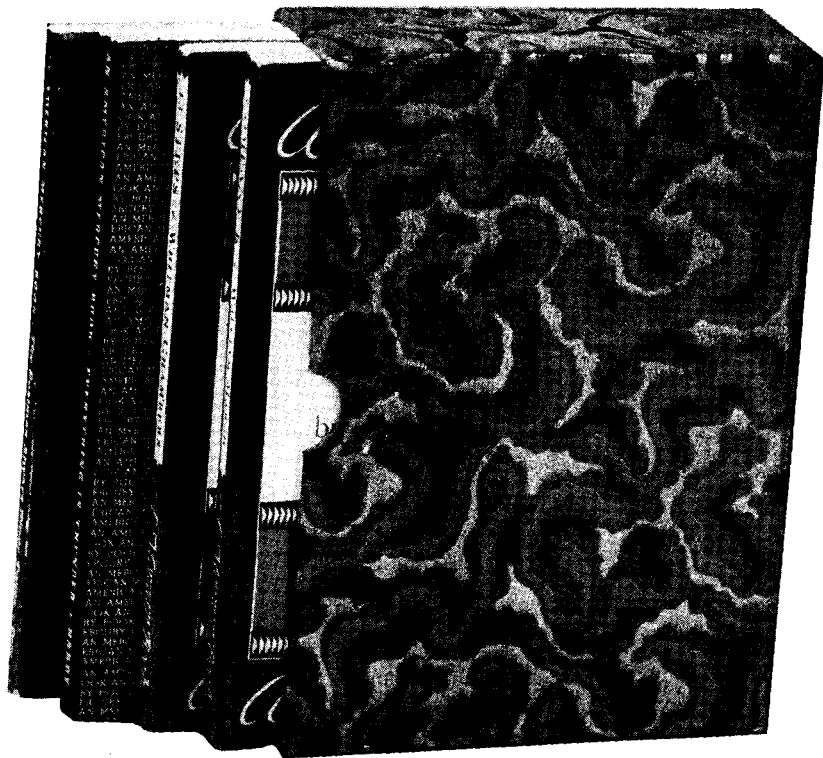
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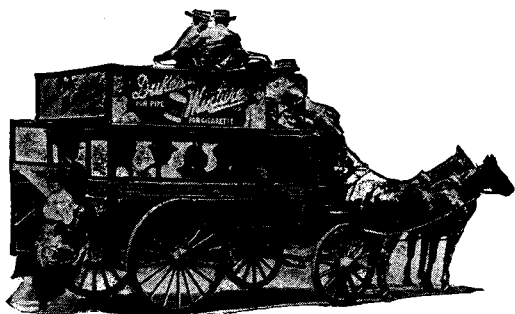
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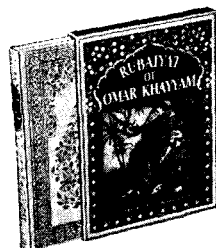
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